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No. 8905.—VOL. LVII. FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 6, 1893. Price One Penny.

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS.
EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, A LIFE OF PLEASURE. By HENRY PETTITT AND SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS. (The greatest success Drury Lane has ever known.)
Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Lily Hanbury (by permission of H. Beerbohm Tree, Esq.), Miss Laura Linden, Miss Le Thiere, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Frank H. Fenton, Mr. William Elton, Mr. Stephen Caffrey, Mr. Clarence Holt, Mr. J. A. Cave, Mr. Robert Soutar, and Mr. Harry Nicholls.
MATINEE TO-MORROW (SATURDAY), and EVERY SATURDAY, at 1.30. Doors open 1 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 A.M. all day.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
Mr. TREE, Sole Lessee and Manager.
TO-NIGHT at 8.15, a new play in 4 acts, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES, called
THE TEMPTER.
Mr. Tree; Messrs. Fred. Terry, F. Everill, Fuller Mellish, G. W. Anson, Charles Allan, Holman Clark, Revelle, Baidie, Wyatt, Paton, Cowis, &c.; Mrs. Tree, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, and Miss Julia Nelson.
MATINEE of THE TEMPTER, EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, at 2.
Seats may now be booked two months in advance. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5.

CRITERION THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, Lecocq's celebrated Comic Opera,
LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.
(Last Eight Nights).
Mesdames Amy Augarde, H. Crofton, M. A. Victor, Ellis Jeffreys, B. Vere; Messrs. Courtice Pounds, W. Blakeney, S. Valentine, W. Dale, C. Davenport, S. Hemsley, G. Humphreys. At 8.15, POOR MIGNONETTE. MATINEE TO-MORROW (SATURDAY), at 2. Doors open at 2.30.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.
TO-NIGHT, at 8, A WOMAN'S REVENGE, by HENRY PETTITT. Messrs. Charles Warner, Charles Cartwright, Herbert Flemming, Rudge Harding, John Carter, and Arthur Williams, Mesdames Mary Rorke, Alma Stanley, Florence L. Forster, Agnes Thomas. Box-office 10 to 6. Doors open 7.30.

GAIETY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, GEORGE EDWARDES.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8, Audran's charming Comic Opera,
LA MASCOTTE,
with the following powerful cast:—
Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Katie Seymour, and Miss Florence St. John; Mr. Wallace Brownlow, Mr. Charles Conyers, Mr. George Mudie, and Mr. Robert Pateman.
Box-office open 10 to 6 daily. Doors open 7.45. MATINEE TO-MORROW (SATURDAY), at 2.

GLOBE THEATRE.
Lessee, W. S. PENLEY.
CHARLEY'S AUNT,
By BRANDON THOMAS.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.
Preceded, at 8, by JOHN THURGOOD, FARMER.
MATINEE of CHARLEY'S AUNT EVERY SATURDAY, at 2. Doors open 2.30. Box-office open 10 to 5.

COMEDY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. COMYNS CARR.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, a new and original play, in four Acts, by Sydney Grundy, entitled
SOWING THE WIND.
Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Ian Robertson, Mr. Will Dennis, Mr. Chandler, Mr. J. Byron; Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Annie Hughes, Mrs. Campbell Bradley, and Miss Winifred Emery.
Doors open 7.45. Box-office (Mr. Scarisbrick) open 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.
MATINEE SATURDAY, October 14, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.—COMEDY.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
Manager, F. J. HARRIS.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, MOROCCO BOUND (Fifth time). John L. Shine, Charles Danby, Templar Saxe, Lilian Kelferd, and Letty Lind. At 7.45, REX HARLEY, the inimitable mimic of popular actors. Box-office 10 to 10. MATINEE TO-MORROW (SATURDAY), at 2.30.
Proprietor, Mr. JOHN LANCASTER.

DALY'S THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Augustin Daly's Company, in
THE PUBLICISTS.
By Alfred Lord Tennyson, music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.
Miss ADA REHAN as MAID MARIAN,
Arthur Bourchier as Robin Hood, and Herbert Gresham, George Clarke, Lloyd Daubigny, Catherine Lewis, &c.
FIRST MATINEE TO-MORROW (SATURDAY), October 7, at 2. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries and by telegraph and telephone. Doors open 7.40.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Open 7.33. At 8.40, the Grand Ballet FIDELIA. At 10.30, CHICAGO. Varieties by PAT and MIKE, the Marvellous Baboon and Donkey (first appearance in England), Herr Thora, The Three Castles, R. H. Douglass, The Polaskis, Amy Lyster, The TILLEY SISTERS, &c., &c.

EMPIRE.
TO-NIGHT, Two Grand Ballets, KATRINA, at 8, and the Up-to-Date Ballet, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, at 10, invented by Mr. George Edwardes, the whole arranged by Mdme. Katti Lanner, the music specially composed, and incidental music arranged by Monsieur Leopold Wenzel. The following artistes are engaged to support these two grand spectacles:—Mdlle. Heva Sarcy, Signorina Saviery, Miss Katie Seymour, Mr. John Ridley, Mr. W. Bishop, Signor Vincenti, and Signorina Malvina Cavalieri. Costumes by Wilhelm, executed by Miss Fisher, Madame Augustet Cie., and Mr. M. Angel. Scenery by Messrs. Ivya, Telbin, and Henry Emden. Varieties at 7.45: Armand Ary, Cinquevalli, Marie Lloyd, Charles Merritt, C. Tilbury, Ardel and Donaldson, R. G. Knowles, Brothers Webb, &c., &c. Doors open, 7.30.

THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.
At no place in the world can so many sights be seen. Tobacco Growth and Manufacture. See the Wonderful Performing Dogs. The Fakir Priest. The Great Dive Through the Roof. See the Champion Divers of the World. Great Russian Waxworks and Tortures. Free Varieties, 12 noon. Special (free) Grand Varieties, 2 and 7. Enoch's Tank Performances. Performing animals. Les Bengalis. The Four-Legged Dance, Strong Men of France, Ballet Quartette, &c., &c., &c. All free. Concert (free), 8.30. See (theatre) 4 and 8, the Boxing Kangaroo, &c., &c. Grand Swimming Entertainments, 9 and 10. Free Billiard Promenade, Pearl v. Taylor (Thurston's table), Talking and Laughing Seal. The Human Phenomenon eating candles, coal, coke, &c.

SWEET IMPOSSIBLE COUNSELS.

THE Church Congress, which we had always imagined to be the very summit of respectability and dignity, seems to be following in the wake of Parliament. We are gradually losing all confidence in our old institutions, and though a new zest is added to life in consequence, we have to forego something of our reverence. To mockers the remarkable contrasts at the Church Re-union meeting yesterday will be very entertaining. No more unfortunate sequence of accidents could have been devised more neatly. It was as if the Congress was in a conspiracy to provide its own commentary bound up, so to speak, in the same volume. The incidents of the "scene" formed the most sarcastic criticism of the speeches. We do not lay so much stress upon the interruptions of Father IGNATIUS, who, after all, is something of a pelican in the wilderness, and cannot be regarded as a division of the Church all by himself. But the reception given to the Bishop of WORCESTER was disgraceful enough to become a tavern debating society, an election meeting, or (let us say) an Irish Parliament.

The idea of Christian re-union is one which we congratulate Churchmen on having discovered. It is an admirable goal to keep in view, for it will prevent a great deal of friction, and ought to tend all along the line to toleration and fellowship. It was precisely the sort of object we were likely to invent in the nineteenth century, and, if it were possible, would, without question, serve the cause of Christianity against the growing forces of agnosticism. The sects have jarred and warred from time beyond memory; they have burned and executed each other; and for long they put in practice the theories of PROCRUSTES in their desire of uniformity. We welcome all the more the attempt to achieve it in another way, by lying down together in the one fold. But, all the same, we more than doubt the practicability of the proposal, and Mr. GORE's scheme does not seem to help us along. His own tone appears to be wonderfully hopeful with very little reason. He divides all Christendom into three parts—the Anglican Church, the Roman, and Nonconformity. The mere thought of Re-union with either or both of the latter, he thinks, must make "the heart of any one beat with excitement and joy." But when he proceeds to mark the distinctions that separate them, it is pretty evident that the heart will have to get accustomed "to the mere thought." From Rome the Church of England is divided by her ultimate appeal to the Bible imposed upon her by the Reformation. From Nonconformity, according to Mr. GORE, she is marked off by Apostolic succession. Mr. GORE does not seem to see that these divisions, if they mean anything, mean finality. Since the whole constitution of the Roman Church depends upon obedience to the Pope through the hierarchy, Roman Catholics can not be expected to extract judgments from the Bible against his absolute authority. In the same way the "four elements—the Catholic creed, the visible Church, the Sacraments, the Apostolic Ministry," shut the door sharply and determinately in the face of the Nonconformist. No Anglican of Mr. GORE's views will acknowledge for one moment that valid orders are possible among Dissenters; and even if the difficulty about the Sacraments and the visible Church and the Catholic creed were surmounted, this would still remain a permanent division. People take their religion seriously, and it is possible that a man would feel hurt and sore if you denied his orders, even though you were to be his house-mate, as Mr. GORE is at this moment of Dr. DALE.

Mr. GORE's advice is vague and cheerful. It is divided like a sermon, into three heads. Churchmen must "exalt the idea of worship as embodied in the central service of the Eucharist"; and thereby convince Romanists of their "Catholicity." But it is not clear why this should turn a Romanist into an Anglican. Then the Nonconformist is to be appeased by what we may almost call an ostentatious use of the Scriptures. The clergy must be taught not to say that "the Church" forbids or sanctions this or that, without at the same time pointing out that the Bible jumps with the Church in this respect. But this, again, does not seem to get us through Apostolic succession. Last of all, the agnostic (we presume this is intended for him) is to be conciliated by frankly and freely baring Anglicanism to the scrutiny of Science. In a word, Mr. GORE would have the Church brought level with the age, and in fraternal relations with democracy and the *Zeit-geist*. It is, some may object, rather a free translation of ST. PAUL's advice to be all things to all men; for there is no particular reason why on the same principle, the Church should not take up with Theosophy or any other fantasy of the generation. To these formulated plans for Re-union Mr. GORE adds some advice on what we may be permitted to call the Patronage of Dissent. He advises every clergyman to have at least one Nonconformist friend, and by means of fellowship with these pet Dissenters to spread a regard for the Church. So far as his advice is likely to make for mutual sympathy and toleration we cordially approve it. But whether it received the approbation of the meeting seems questionable. "Traitor" and "Shame" were the only terms found suitable for the Bishop of WORCESTER for attending the Grindelwald Conference, and lunching with tame Nonconformists.

THE AMERICA CUP.

INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACING.

TO-DAY he who has yachted is yachting again, and he who has never yachted is yachting in spirit. If Wordsworth felt that he could say it of Scott, surely we may say that "the might of the world's wishes" has gone out either with *Valkyrie* or with *Vigilant;* men who do not know a spinnaker from a stay-sail are eagerly discussing the tactics and the chances of yesterday's race, and those who do not know a compass from a kelson are arguing on the difference between the English and American methods of calculating time allowances. Our national sympathies and our nautical pride are both inflamed at the idea of recapturing a trophy which was carried off by *America* from the flower of our yachting fleet, and which our yachtsmen have never yet been able to win back. A short sketch of the history of *America*'s cup—or, as yachtsmen generally call it, of "The Cup"—may provide our readers with something to talk about in the intervals between the despatches from New York. We are quite sure that they will talk of little besides this race: even Home Rule is forgotten, and the Cesarewitch has lost its attractions.

THE FIRST RACE.

It was in 1851 that the schooner *America* (whose portrait may be seen in this week's *Pall Mall Budget*) crossed the Atlantic. She was built by an Englishman, George Steen, who certainly revolutionized the conditions of yachting. After many difficulties, after her commander had refused to compete against a fleet, after he had refused to race under any time allowance, the Committee of the R.Y.S. managed to arrange a meeting. Fifteen vessels started, of which *America* (170 tons by American, 208 by English measurement) was the second in size: as her commander had carried his point about time allowance this was greatly in her favour, especially as her rivals were of the cruising class, except *Alarm* (193 tons), *Arrow* (84 tons), and *Volante* (48 tons). *Arrow* ran aground, *Alarm* went to help her, *Volante* was fouled, and though a calm came on when the yachts entered the Solent after rounding the Isle of Wight, *America* got home in a drifting race seventeen minutes ahead of *Aurora*. *Volante* at one time had looked like winning, and might have done so but for her unfortunate accident. After this race *America* beat *Titania*, a very smart cutter. Next year she was badly beaten by *Arrow*—having meanwhile become the property of Lord de Blaquière—and although she won several victories afterwards, she ended her days as a coasting schooner.

EARLY ATTEMPTS TO REGAIN THE CUP.

The syndicate which originally owned *America* presented her cup to the New York Yacht Club, whose dealing with the trophy has not always satisfied sportsmen. They first ruled that the yacht named by the challenging club must compete against their whole fleet. Thus on August 8, 1870, Mr. Ashbury's *Cambria*, which first sought to recapture the Cup, was out-manœuvred by twenty-two yachts, all of them playing into one another's hands, taking *Cambria*'s wind and compelling her to adopt tactics which secured her safety but lost her time.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The fact that within a few short days another opera from the joint pens of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert will be put upon the Savoy stage, leads one naturally to look back upon the dual career which gives justification for the excitement and interest which such an announcement arouses.

There can be no doubt that both composer and writer have, in a sense, created a comic opera unique of its kind. It is an opera something less brilliant and inspiriting than that of Offenbach, and at the same time something more gentlemanly and refined. Offenbach erred somewhat on the side of the jig and the common tom-tom of everyday commerce; Sullivan is ever restrained and polite.

For it is of Sir Arthur Sullivan as a composer of comic opera that we would briefly speak. The theme is, perhaps, an old one, and many opinions before now have been given to the world in this connection. Nevertheless, we are moved to speak a few words on this subject, partly because the composer invites it by his forthcoming reappearance as a writer of humorous music, and partly because, among a great variety of opinions which are scarcely reasonable, it is well to put on record a definite and intelligible chronicle of one very definite judgment.

Looking at the matter quite squarely, we are ready to affirm that Sir Arthur Sullivan has all the gifts that go to the composition of excellent opera bouffe. He has in abundance the saving gift of humour; he has a lyrical quality and a knowledge of effectiveness which cannot be too highly praised; and all these gifts, being combined with a serious and musicianly outlook upon the calls of his art make this composer the dignified and worthy artist which we know him to be.

His gift is precisely fitted for the composition of the kind of opera which he has, as a matter of fact, composed. His musical knowledge is, in the first place, wide and coherent; and we all know how paltry the common comic opera appears by reason of a lack of this knowledge. The thinness, the threadbare effect of this kind of composition is usually its most deplorable quality among many deplorable qualities.

This, then, is a defect which Sir Arthur Sullivan ever manages to avoid, for he is invariably thorough. When we combine with this admirable studiousness and conscientious zeal his ample but not abundant creative gift, we can at once understand how he has contrived to attain precisely the rank which he has reached as a writer of comic opera.

For, given a composer of quite charming occasional melodies, with a peculiar gift of humour, and given, in addition, that he has this completeness and studiousness of which we have spoken, it is clear that the vocation allotted to him from the beginning was that of a writer of comic opera, and even of an inventor of comic opera.

Both these vocations Sir Arthur Sullivan has admirably fulfilled. It is impossible to read the scores (say) of "The Mikado" and "The Yeomen of the Guard" without arriving at such a conclusion. We take them as more or less perfect specimens of their kind. Of the first there is this to say: that for brilliant *good* humour, and for musical minor jollity it can scarcely be surpassed. Its choruses and its melodies are brimful of life and a kind of extreme drawing-room vitality that are perfectly inimitable.

The second is, in our mind, far and away the best composition which Sullivan, as a coherent composer, has achieved; and if his forthcoming work, after this long interval, attains to its accomplishment, we shall indeed be content. We would not place it among the great musical compositions of the world; but among the curious lesser works of art, of which this composer has proved himself a master, it certainly takes a great place. Its melodies are so satisfying, its score is so pretty. Let us be just. We esteem this composer very highly when—to be paradoxical—we judge him by his own standard; the standard, that is, which he himself has created; but we are perfectly aware of the limitations which that standard itself imposes.

And therefore it becomes quite apparent that a composer of this kind may attempt grand opera and even fail. In this point, indeed, the salvation of all these words is proved. Had it been necessary to utter them before the writing of "Ivanhoe," the same opinions must perforce have been expressed. Accordingly those opinions are justified by fact; and that a great minor musical creativeness, combined with great technical accomplishment, should go to produce delightful opera bouffe and somewhat dull grand opera is, in the face of these theories, at last intelligible.

We are in the days of festivals. The Norwich festival is in its height, and now we are in expectation of many more. The eighth Bristol Musical Festival is announced for the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th of this month. It would be almost absurd to record the works that are to be performed; but if we merely mention the word "Messiah" any intelligent reader, starting with the "Lobgesang," will be capable of continuing the list with perfect accuracy.

The composer of the incidental music of "Henry VIII." and "The Tempter" has just produced his elaborate new Symphony in A minor at the Norwich Festival. As we had not the privilege of hearing it, we cannot do more for the present than record the general opinion expressed by the Press, that the composition was highly meritorious. Moreover, every outsider will be glad to hear that in the analysis of the work supplied by Mr. Joseph Bennett the key should be described as in F major rather than in D minor—a natural sequence, since the first movement is in A minor, and F being the relative major of the subdominant, is the scholastically correct key for the slow movement.

Norwich composers have been to the fore in this their native festival. Mr. A. R. Gaul, the author of "Joan of Arc" and "The Holy City," submitted a cantata for approval called "Una," the subject dealing with the legend of Una and the lion in Spenser's "Faërie Queen." We learn that Mr. Gaul's composition, while being far from ambitious, showed an inexhaustible vein of tunefulness, and a pleasant acquaintance with the musical spirit of the generation of Balfe and Wallace.

A second musician from Norwich, Dr. Horace Hill, supplied an overture, to which he was persuaded to give the title of "Yewbarrow," which was received, it appears, with a large measure of enthusiasm. But to M. Paderewski, who performed his new Polish fantasia, a brilliant rhapsody in four movements, the chief enthusiasm of the audience was allotted; and in so securing the emphatic applause of his audience, M. Paderewski only repeated a scene of which he may even have grown weary by this time.

The "Musical Guild"—a title by which the ex-students of the Royal College of Music rejoice to be known—began their tenth series of chamber concerts on Tuesday last at Kensington Town-hall.—At the Promenade Concerts it may be chronicled that the voice of Mme. San Carolo has proved a distinct attraction; it is as well that no further performance of "Samson" should be contemplated.

Magic was first in this race, the old *America* was second, and *Cambria* could get no nearer than ninth. When the rule was amended on an appeal to the only surviving donor, the club ordered that in the future a series of matches should decide the matter, the challenging club's boat to meet, if they chose, a different defender each day. In 1871 Mr. Ashbury tried again. His *Livonia* lost two races out of three to *Columbia* and two more to *Sappho*. Our yachtsmen, dissatisfied with the unsportsmanlike conduct of the New York Club, made no further challenge until 1885, but in 1876 and again in 1881 two Canadian boats, *Countess of Dufferin* and *Atalanta*, were beaten by *Madeleine* and *Mischief*. We may mention that in English waters *Cambria* had only won one race out of seven, and *Livonia* had but three firsts in fifteen starts.

THE SECOND STAGE.

In 1882 the Club returned the Cup to the donor, who amended the deed of gift, inserting the famous Mutual Consent Clause, by which the owners of the rival yachts may make what arrangements they please as to time allowance, courses, and so forth. Then Sir Richard Sutton challenged in 1885 with *Genesta*, who in 1884 had made seven wins out of thirty-four races. *Puritan*, the defending yacht, was specially built for this contest, and won two trials out of three, both on the inside and outside course. During the interregnum, American yacht building had made very rapid strides, and the "machine type" of craft (as opposed to the racer, which may also be used for cruising) was the ideal of the transatlantic designer. In 1886 Lieutenant Henn, R.N., sent *Galatea* across. She had started fifteen times in 1885, and never got better than second. *Mayflower* beat her easily in two races Until this year the greatest excitement has been raised over *Thistle*'s race. She was built by a syndicate of Clyde yachtsmen specially to win the cup Before she crossed she did not satisfy expectations, but alterations were made after her return, and she was in her second year quite the best British yacht afloat. Even now, under her new name of *Meteor*, she is a useful boat; unable, of course, to compete with the newest yachts on anything like fair terms, but able to make a race with such an one as her old rival *Iverna*. *Volunteer* was built by General Paine to defend the Cup, and she won quite easily. *Thistle* was impeded by tugs and other craft to a slight degree, but there can be no doubt that the boat which won was by far the better of the pair for racing. At the same time there is no doubt that *Volunteer* could never have crossed the Atlantic.

THE PERIOD OF NEGOTIATION.

At this point we enter upon a long and dreary period of argument. In 1887 the New York Club asked Mr. Schuyler, the only surviving donor, to enact a new deed of gift. This included several most ungenerous and unsportsmanlike provisions. Ten months' notice was to be given, and the dimensions of the challenging yacht were to be stated at the same time; nor were these dimensions to be exceeded. There is still some doubt about the true interpretation of a most obscure clause; but whichever way it be read it prevented Englishmen from making any challenge which gave the holders power to design a boat calculated to surpass the challenger at all points, and reduced the race to a match in construction rather than sailing. The Yacht Racing Association expressed its dissatisfaction in strong terms. As Lord Dunraven wrote at the time, international racing would be dead if the deed were to remain in force. In 1889 he challenged with the first *Valkyrie* on the understanding that the match was to be sailed under the terms of the mutual consent clause, independently of the new deed of gift. The New York Club, however, insisted upon the letter of the law, and the challenge was withdrawn. Last year an agitation for more generous terms was raised in America, and Lord Dunraven offered to negotiate. Ultimately he agreed to terms which will work well enough for this year, although we think that from many points of view he ought to have insisted upon the complete abolition of the "dimensions clause." As it is he agreed to state the rig of his vessel and her length on the load-water-line, "a copy of the yacht's Custom house register to follow": at a date not stated. He also agreed to a certain penalty if the load-water-line exceeded the original estimate by more than 2 per cent., and also consented that future races should observe the new deed of gift. And so the new *Valkyrie* was designed by Mr. Watson. Lord Dunraven gets his race, but we hope that before long the offending clause will be repealed.

THIS YEAR'S RACING.

This year has seen the art of yacht racing at its highest point. In 1885 *Genesta* brought the Brenton Reef and Cape May Cups with her. Mr. Carroll built *Navahoe* to cross the Atlantic and take them back. In addition to the new *Valkyrie* we had *Britannia*, *Satanita*, and *Calluna* to defend them with. It will be remembered how *Britannia* was selected, and retained the one but lost the other by a matter of some seconds, after an objection had been raised. In her other races *Navahoe* was none too successful, and nobody grudged her this victory. *Valkyrie* is the best all-round boat we have, probably. The American builders seem to have lost faith in the old flat-shaped centre-boarder. *Vigilant*, which was selected from three other boats to defend *America*'s cup, is much nearer to *Valkyrie* in general configuration than former defenders have been to their British-built rivals. She has a centre-board, it is true, but the centre-board is not so essential a part of the boat as, say, *Volunteer*'s was, and, indeed, compared to her, *Volunteer* was a flat-bottomed scow. Still, she is built for racing, and would make a most unsafe cruiser. Moreover, although she has approved herself the best boat that so experienced a designer as Mr. Herreshoff could turn out, it may be that she is not so much superior to *Volunteer* and *Pilgrim* as *Valkyrie* is to *Thistle* and *Genesta*. She is, in fact, by way of being an experiment. And of course every Englishman hopes that the experiment will turn out satisfactorily, but not so well as Mr. Herreshoff expects. Moreover, although *Valkyrie* may not win she cannot be disgraced, for she has crossed the Atlantic, and that is more than *Vigilant* will ever do.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BARRETT, FRANK. *The Woman of the Iron Bracelets.* (Chatto and Windus). 8vo. 3 vols.
A novel.

BEAVINGTON-ATKINSON, A. D. and HAVERS, D. (Translators). *The Pope's Mule and Other Stories from Daudet.* (Fisher Unwin.) 8vo, cloth. Pp. viii., 142. Frontispiece. Price 2s. 6d.
A volume in the Children's Library, translated from "Lettres de mon Moulin" and "Contes du Lundi."

BROWN, JAMES D. *Guide to the Formation of a Music Library.* Library Association, Series IV. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co.) Paper cover, pp. 22. 6d.
Price-lists of books on music, and of collections of music suitable for public libraries.

CASSELL'S "Sunshine Series." (Cassell and Co.) 8vo, limp cloth. Price 1s. per volume.
Seven volumes in this series have been published—"The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers" (C. E. C. Weigall); "Lady Lorrimer's Scheme and the Story of a Glamour" (Edith E. Cuthell); "Womanlike" (Florence M. King); "On Stronger Wings" (Edith Lister); "You'll Love Me Yet" (Frances Haswell); "A Man of the Name of John" (Florence M. King); and "Not All in Vain" (Lambert Shields).

PITT, RUTH L. *The Tragedy of the Norse Gods.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 256. 6s.
Stories from the poetic and prose Eddas.

POLLARD, ALFRED W. *Early Illustrated Books.* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.) Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 256. 6s.
A history of the decoration and illustration of books in the 15th and 16th centuries.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

As we announced in our special Yacht-Race Edition last night, the lightness of the breezes in New York Bay prevented both *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant* from covering the *America* cup course within six hours, consequently yesterday's race was no race. Still enough was seen of the two yachts to make Englishmen very hopeful. *Valkyrie* held a comfortable lead during the greater part of the race: although *Vigilant* had all the luck at the start, the English boat was sailed more brilliantly and more soundly than her rival, and of all the yachts we have sent over to bring back the Cup, she is the first who has proved herself better than the American representative in a light breeze. This, as our representative shows in a despatch which we publish elsewhere, is entirely due to the superior seamanship of her captain and crew. It is true that *Vigilant* was unfortunate enough to lose nearly fifteen minutes when one of her men fell overboard, and at the end of the afternoon she was favoured by a breeze which did not come near *Valkyrie*. Indeed, it is still impossible to say which of the pair would win in all weathers. We only know thus far—that *Valkyrie* can hold her own in a light breeze and in a drifting match; and there is every reason to believe that her construction makes her as good as *Vigilant* in other weathers, while the *Vigilant* will have to be sailed with more daring and wit than her captain showed yesterday if the Cup is to stay in New York.

We may now consider that the Chartered Company is at war with Lobengula. The Matabele have been advancing, and Dr. Jameson has decided that it would be better to meet them than to wait for them in the forts. As he has been directly in communication with Sir Henry Loch we assume that he has not taken the important step of pushing his troops forward without the sanction of the Colonial Office. Mr. Buxton has so often insisted upon the need of thorough preparation that we are also entitled to assume that Dr. Jameson advances with every prospect of success. Still, it is no light work that the two columns have before them. The Matabele impis are not enemies to be despised, although the steady use of a Gatling or two may make their valour useless, and their numbers of no avail. We hope for success, because a reverse would be most dangerous now, and a defeat would probably incite the Indunas to attack Bechuanaland. Without a doubt Dr. Jameson has taken the right policy, and we trust that he will receive that support from home—chiefly moral support, to begin with—which will enable him to carry out his plans thoroughly.

If you are an Anarchist, and are called Pallas, you have a good deal to live up to. But the Spaniard whose name and profession are as above seems fully worthy of them both. By some singular Spanish law he has to spend the last twenty-four hours of his life in chapel, and there he sits—kneel he will not—and trolls out Anarchist hymns. The religious brotherhood specially equipped for the last moments of criminals urged prayer and argument in vain: the Jesuit fathers fell back rebuffed, and even the military chaplains, called in at last as being knit presumably of sterner stuff, were routed by the Anarch. It must be admitted that Pallas is, or was, a man of character, even though it be bad.

There is no change in the aspect of affairs in the North, where men and masters are outwardly, at any rate, as firm as ever. The Federation has appointed four members to meet the mayors at Sheffield on Monday. The intention of the mayors is excellent, but we very much doubt if they will accomplish any reconciliation. If they can persuade the masters to give way, and make the reduction 10 per cent. instead of 25, and at the same time convince the men that penury is better than starvation, they will succeed in their amiable desire. Public opinion is in favour of a compromise, nor does every one believe, with some foolish fanatics, that the lock-out is a cruel and deliberate conspiracy on the part of coalowners, by which they have been enabled to sell their stock of coal at a huge profit and at the same time break the spirit of their galley-slaves.

When a great man is indisposed it is surely wisest that the fullest official information should be given as to his condition; otherwise Rumour, with her thousand ears and myriad tongues, will be abroad. What is the real condition of Prince Bismarck? One paper asserts that he is "gradually sinking, and will in all probability not leave Kissingen alive." On the other hand, it is officially stated that he is decidedly better and will be able to leave Kissingen to-morrow. What makes it more difficult to ascertain the real state of his health is the fact that no one knew he had recently passed through a serious crisis, till the letters and despatches of the German Emperor were made public. And even the Kaiser was without information till the worst was over. Prince Bismarck has ceased to be a great influence, but he has not ceased to be a great personage, and it would be only fair to allay public anxiety by issuing bulletins signed by his medical attendants.

As we anticipated yesterday, the instructions given to the commanders of the foreign warships in the Bay of Rio have led to complications. Admiral de Mello has apparently argued that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If he is not to fire upon President Peixoto, why should President Peixoto be allowed to fire upon him? This simple and very obvious question perplexed the commanders, who referred to their respective governments for further and, we hope, better instructions. It is expected, says Reuter's Agency, that the previous instructions not to interfere with the bombardment of the forts will also apply to the new defences which the President has caused to be erected. The plain moral of the difficulty is that the Brazilians should be left to work out their own salvation, or the reverse of it, in their own way. Meanwhile Admiral de Mello continues to bombard the forts.

It looks as though another arbitration was in the air. The surveying parties sent by the British and United States Governments to agree upon the frontier between Canada and Alaska have returned without achieving any mutually satisfactory result. The matter has been in dispute for some years, as unfortunately the boundary mentioned in the treaty between Great Britain and Russia, in 1825, is not at all clear, being capable of different interpretations. Alaska was acquired by the United States in 1867, but the boundary has not become of importance until recent years. It has been brought to the front by the mineral discoveries that have been made in the disputed territory, which covers an area of several thousands of square miles. The surveyors say that the only way to dispose of the difficulty is by arbitration, when the contentions of the two countries can be considered, with the records of the surveys, and a border line established. The settlement of the dispute cannot well be unduly prolonged, as, apart altogether from the value of the territory, important questions of jurisdiction are involved.

Mr. Sidney Webb held up a startling prospect before the London Reform League, which has commenced its winter session with commendable activity. London, he said, will go on spreading from its hundred and nineteen square miles to a greater London, exactly as th London we know grew from a single square mile of city. A Lond of 14,161 square miles is appalling to think of. But Mr. Webb suggestion was a wise one. There certainly ought to be son provision for the automatic incorporation of these new and importa districts whose interests are identical with the interests of Londo We have seen enough of the difficulties and inconveniences whi come of excessive decentralization. If we cannot have unity at th core let us have as much of it as may be at the fringes.

M. Paul Bourget is taking up his work as a sort of journalist i one volume with a most excellent zeal. His glory is at presen overshadowed in New York by the two yachts, but that is a condi tion of affairs with which he will soon learn to be content. Meanwhil contact with the people through the press seems to have worked up sort of exuberance in his heart. Indeed, he has found that n life is so exciting as the journalist's. The man of letters slay a hundred readers where the journalist slays his thousands Moreover, he in some measure moulds the destiny of nations, for th average ratepaying, voting, journal-reading man learns to trust in a newspaper because it appears every day, and because necessarily it is more didactic than a book. There is much to be said for lettered seclusion: the occupation is more dignified, more potent in its influence upon the best judgments. But the journalist tastes something of the delight of power.

The public, or a portion of the public, has such a keen eye for realism upon the stage nowadays that our players must perforce play by the card lest equivocation should undo them. Certain theatre-goers of antiquarian tastes are very butchers of a silk button, and will lash themselves into a whirlwind of pain and passion over a blunder in stage architecture, or the error of a century or so in the cut of a cloak or the shape of a sword-hilt. Some of these nice observers have been much perturbed by an act of Miss Ada Rehan's on the first night of "The Foresters." Miss Rehan, as everybody knows, comes on in one scene in the habit of a red-cross knight, bearing a shield with the red cross upon it. There comes a moment when Miss Rehan lays aside this shield, and rests it against a tree. To the horror of one or two amateur heralds she found it more convenient to stand it upside down, unconscious of the grief and indignation she was provoking. The amateur heralds protest that to invert a shield thus is the greatest indignity that can be offered to it, that it is a flagrant offence against the whole spirit of chivalry, and that the Herald's College should take note of it.

It is in vain that temperate friends seek to soothe the pained disciples of Master Mumblazon. The temperate friends suggest that in setting the shield upside down Miss Rehan acted deliberately and with very subtle intention. She wished, they contend, by this delicate touch, to suggest the feminine nature unused to arms and the usages of arms, and hiding a womanly ignorance beneath a swashing and a martial outside. But the complainers are not to be so consoled. They insist that Marian ought to have known, would have known: they argue that women have been recorded as great authorities on heraldry, though they do not mention any instances in King Richard I.'s days. In a word, they are not to be comforted, and what fearful joy they might have tasted in the play has been killed by this trifling incident. They must be of the school of those learned critics who, on the occasion of the production of "The Cup," were offended because Miss Ellen Terry ascended the steps of a Greek temple with the left foot first, when, as their wisdom urged, it ought to be familiar knowledge that the Greeks thought it unlucky to do so, and made their temple steps of uneven number, so that the visitor might begin and end on the right foot. This is accuracy with a vengeance.

If imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, we are indebted to the Panslavists for a great compliment. That is, if the facts as stated by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* are correct. It seems that these restless gentlemen have been urging the Tsar of All the Russias to dub himself "Emperor of Asia," or, at least, "Emperor of Central Asia." The alternative seems also to be based on our distinction between the Primate of England and the Primate of All England. The Tsar, however, declined to add to his style and titles, and so the Panslavists fell back on the suggestion that as the Empress of India is represented by a Viceroy, so should the Tsar have an understudy with the same title in Central Asia. To this also the Tsar is said to object, being probably of opinion that the Eastern question will not be solved by merely tinkering with names. Wherein the Tsar, as has often proved to be the case, has shown himself to be wiser than his counsellors.

The plain British sparrow, writes a correspondent, is no respecter of other birds, if American opinions and stories of the "darned critter" are to be believed. Neither has he much fear of persons, or, at any rate, of monuments, a fact which is well illustrated Westminster way. A pair of impudent birds have discovered that one of the statues of the mighty dead is eminently adapted for colonizing purposes. There may be seen in the folds of the drapery around Canning's right arm the dirty nest of the dirtier sparrow. Neither Palmerston, Peel, Derby, nor Beaconsfield is similarly honoured, but "Pam" might have been if his statue had been true to caricature—that is, if an inviting piece of straw had been placed in his mouth. We trust that calling attention to this will not rouse our departments of "Beaux-Arts" and "Bâtiments Civils" to issue a writ of ejectment.

A correspondence, more lively than profitable, touching a proposed volunteer corps for women, is being used to pad the pages of *The Volunteer Record and Shooting News*. "G. C." admits that the suggestion opens up a vista of immense possibilities for turning to account the surplus women for whom there are no husbands. He describes a fine imaginary scene, in which some yet unknown Napoleon is frightened from our shores by the knowledge that 200,000 Amazons are prepared to face him in the field. But, in spite of this, "G. C." cannot find it in his heart to support the scheme, since "there would be something ridiculous in seeing a woman strutting about in uniform . . . something mannish that would rob the opposite sex of that ineffable charm they exercise over us." "A Veteran Volunteer" of the race might be improved by subjecting its women to a military training, and he even offers material for experiment in the shape of his own daughter. So far, nobody seems to have quoted Plato's "Republic" on the subject; perhaps nobody dares to do so for fear of being taken seriously. But, putting aside the question of fighting, the idea of a women's ambulance corps might really be worth considering.

Why don't you try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS? They are a positive cure for sick headache and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

CHINA IN LONDON.

"VISIT TO EAST-END OPIUM DENS."

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the —— inst., I am desired to say that the Chief Commissioner of Police regrets that he is unable to comply with your request.

"SHORT and sweet," I thought to myself, as I read the stiff official reply to my note asking if a guide could be found to show me the way about some of the queer quarters, especially the foreign quarters, in the East-end of London.

I was disappointed at the result, but not discouraged. No doubt the police authorities are quite right in not encouraging idle visitors down East. Some accident might happen, and then there would be an outcry; and, besides, men can ill be spared to act as city guides to any wandering Christians with a taste for low life who may care to apply for their services. I consoled myself with the thought that if I could find the places I sought without the aid of the police, I should probably see a good deal more of the real inner life of the East-end than if I went down under the care of a "cop," and looked on life through police spectacles. It was not for the first time that I was going into what some people would consider doubtful company. I had a fair stock of impudence, some slight gift of tongues, a knack of picking up acquaintances, no money to speak of, and an old suit of clothes; and with this outfit I might consider myself completely equipped for a journey. So, on a Saturday afternoon, pretty late in the day, I left the parts of London which I did know and plunged into what was, to me, the unknown. My peregrinations that Saturday afternoon extended for some two or three miles by the side of the docks. I came on the place I was in search of quite by accident. As I passed a small, dimly-lighted shop, in the narrowest alley I had gone through, I heard a babel of sound in some language quite unknown to me. The shop was full of coolies, all making purchases. I entered, and found myself the only white man in a crowd of Chinese and Japanese.

WHAT THEY SOLD.

The first thing that struck me was, what a powerful looking lot they were: big, broad-shouldered, and loose-jointed, decidedly ugly customers in a row if they had "sand" to back their muscle. I am fairly powerful myself, as the run of men go, but I came to the conclusion that I would take no chances with these men. The keeper of the shop at the time I went in was a tall young Chinaman, with a standing grin on his face, who grinned wider than ever when he saw me. I professed to want a box of matches, but he evidently had no English, and, after several mild attempts to make me understand this fact, he disappeared into the back room, leaving me alone in the shop; for the Chinese sailors had all disappeared, after discussing evidently my appearance—not, I fear, in the most flattering terms. I took the opportunity of having a look round the shop. What they sold was a mystery to me: there was a little tobacco, a great many small bottles, and beyond this nothing but a large and varied assortment of odours of various kind; if these latter could have been sorted out and sold, there was enough material to set up a dozen shops. On the counter were two or three note-books, evidently for accounts, an abacus, consisting of an oblong frame, with a bar running lengthwise along it, and wires running transversely, strung with beads. The wires below the bar contained four beads, those above two. There was also an instrument of black wood, the use of which I could not fathom. It somewhat resembled a fiddle in shape, and the upper side was engraved with Chinese characters; it reminded me somehow of a Masonic gavel. Round the shop were strips of red paper pasted against the wall, inscribed with Chinese characters. Presently my grinning friend appeared, accompanied by a small, shrivelled old man who, in the most unintelligible pigeon English, informed me that he could speak a little Spanish and English. I obtained a box of matches, and also a cigarette, as the smoking of this would be an excuse for lounging in the shop a bit. I began talking to Ah Lee (this was not his name, but it will do) about his language, and gradually worked round to Chinese customs in general.

HOW THEY PLAY FAN-TAN.

Meanwhile the stream of Chinese had set in again; some passed right through the shop, and went up some stairs to the right, into a room above; others after coming into the shop and making some remark, and receiving an answer, went out at once. I was very curious about this upstairs room. Presently one sailor came down, came up to the counter, and, with some remark in Chinese, handed over to Ah Lee a handful of silver. This was counted up, a calculation made on the abacus, and the result entered in a little character-book—a memorandum book. Ah Lee explained to me that he did a little banking business. I wondered who was keeping the bank upstairs. Gradually I drew the conversation round to opium and opium smoking, and was assured with much earnestness that such a thing was unknown in that street. Ah Lee confessed to having once or twice smoked "opi" himself, when his "inside welly sick." I gathered from his signs that he meant when he had a bad cold in his chest. He assured me that for this it "welly heal;" but as for any general or public opium smoking, oh no! nothing of the kind was allowed! He also assured me that there was no card-playing or gambling allowed in the lane. I suggested "fan-tan," a name which I remembered to have heard somewhere or other as that of a Chinese game. Ah Lee then admitted that there might occasionally have been a quiet game at fan-tan. With considerable difficulty I managed to understand how the game was played. A double handful of *cash* (Chinese coins, worth, I was told, 1,000 to the shilling) is placed in the middle of the table, and covered with a basin; the corners of the table are numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and on any one of these numbers you may bet. When all bets are made the basin is raised and the *cash* are counted out in fours. If there be no remainder, those who have bet on 4 win, all others lose; so also if there be a remainder. The game seems simple, and must offer great possibilities to bankers with quick sight and nimble fingers. Again I tried the opium talk, asserting that I wanted a smoke myself. He then led me to the door, and pointing to a house a little further up the street on the opposite side, assured me that I should get it there. This turned out to be a Japanese shop, which was also filled with Japanese and Chinese going and coming, most of them passing through the shop to the room at the back.

HOW I GOT THERE AFTER ALL.

Mr. Ah Sing, as I will call him, proved to be a Japanese, speaking English very well. When I entered he was busy selling scarlet cloth, and I watched him roll it up in newspaper, and with a saucer of Indian ink, and, apparently, a brush made from a slip of bamboo, inscribe on the outside perpendicular columns of hieroglyphics: the address of the purchaser, I suppose. He did not seem at all pleased to see me there, evidently resenting the presence of a foreigner as an intrusion. He also sternly denied any knowledge of opium, and referred me to Ah Lee. I pointed out that Ah Lee had sent me to him, but it was of no good. I began to despair; of effecting my purpose; but after knocking about in the quarter for a couple of hours I managed to make the acquaintance of some sailors who, evidently taking me for a detective, expressed their willingness to help me if I only wanted to "put away" a Chinaman, but would have nothing to do with it if white men were in question. Through their means I made the acquaintance of the English wife of a Chinese shopkeeper; then of a man who had lived in the Chinese colony all his life, one of the few Europeans in their street; and through him—though he at first declared it impossible, at any rate that night—I presently found myself in a small, dimly-lighted room, containing two or three couches, most of them occupied by coolies, and between each pair of couches a low table, with implements for smoking, and a small lamp, shaded almost exactly like one of the fairy lamps, and burning sweet oil. I was introduced to the master of the house, a round-faced, pleasant-featured Chinaman, who spoke excellent English. He asked me to sit down and watch. Three of the couches were occupied by Chinamen busily smoking. One of them was evidently pretty far gone; he was rolling about singing to himself in Chinese. After watching for a time, I asked if I could have a pipe. There was some demur at first, but finally my request was granted. I lay down on one of the couches, resting on my elbow and facing the table. One of the coolies prepared a pipe for me, and I had a good opportunity of examining the paraphernalia. Three or four little lacquer boxes, a lamp, and a piece of wire like a knitting needle seemed all that was required except the pipe. This latter was a really formidable-looking weapon: a round stick about eighteen inches long and tolerably thick, and at about two-thirds of the length down a large round block of wood, more than an inch across, with a tiny hole bored down the centre. It was explained to me that the opium when it came to them was hard, and had first to be softened, and then roasted in the flame of the lamp till it became hard again. I watched the operation of taking some of the soft opium out of one of the lacquer boxes on the end of a wire, then roasting it in the flame of the lamp till it was of the proper consistency, and then working it into the hole of the pipe. When it was pronounced ready, I put my lips to the large flat end of the pipe, and took a long, steady inhalation, keeping the bowl turned downwards so as almost to touch the flame of the lamp. It was all over in three whiffs; the pipe was empty, and what was the effect? I had read most of the ordinary "gas" about opium smoking, and wondered whether it was going to give me lovely dreams or make me very sick. Well, so far as my experience goes, the effect is absolutely *nil*. What the effect of ten or a dozen pipes might be I cannot at present say; but one pipe, at any rate to an habitual inhaler of tobacco smoke, is of no effect. There was no dizziness, no nausea, no headache; in fact, it was impossible to tell that you had been smoking at all. The taste was neither pleasant nor unpleasant—not unlike that of burnt coffee.

My host was a native of Canton. This was a small "joint," almost private; not one of the big ones, the visit to which, as well as to the places of amusement, had to be deferred till another day.

I found later that opinion was divided as to my character, some thinking me a "tec" (detective), and some fancying that I had something to do with the Opium Commission, of which they had read in the papers.

HOW SPANIARDS DINE.

TRAVELLERS are responsible for the generally accepted belief that the main elements of a Spanish dinner are garlic and inferior olive oil, with the twang of a boot-shop about it. In Italy, too, you get indifferent oil and much garlic, but somehow the terrors of the Italian cuisine are not so insupportable as the memory of the dishes of Spain. Strong men have been known to shudder and turn pale when they have recalled the experiences that befell them in the hotels of the Peninsula. An apologist for Spanish cookery, however, has arisen, who says that this is altogether a mistake. What the traveller suffers from is not Spanish cookery at all, because no stranger ever enjoys an opportunity of finding out what Spanish cookery really is; it is French cookery debased, because every hotel on the tourist track prides itself on employing a French chef, and the class of French chefs which they manage to secure are quite the worst description of cooks within the limits of the civilized world. If you wish really, says my travelled friend, to make acquaintance with traditional Spanish fare, get upon visiting terms with a good middle-class Spanish family, because the middle-class in Spain, as in England—as everywhere, indeed—preserves old traditions most perfectly.

It is a recommendation good enough, indeed, but difficult to follow. The Spaniard is the pink of courtesy. Theoretically, and as a matter of etiquette, he will place himself, his house, everything he possesses in the world, at your absolute disposal. Actually he would no more dream of asking you to dinner at his own house than he would suggest a flying match from the roof of it. Always supposing that by tact, perseverance, or downright effrontery you do, however, succeed in penetrating into the privacy of a real, old-world Spanish household, the experience is peculiar but not unpleasant. Spaniards do not rise early unless they are obliged, which says much for their wisdom; consequently the members of a well-to-do Spanish family who lie late abed find that the cup of chocolate and milk and cake, which are served in their own rooms, suffice them until the hour of the family dinner at one or two o'clock. That family dinner is the event of the day. Upon it the cook, an important and highly respected member of the establishment, concentrates her energies. As a dinner it has its qualities; but the arrangement of it is apt to discompose the unprepared stranger, who naturally does not look for the fish to be dovetailed, out of all precedent, between the roast and the sweets.

The best compliment that can be paid to any cook is habitually rendered to the kitchen genius of the Spanish family, for the dinner table is always laid without salt or condiments. A thick and savoury soup, the puchero of tradition indeed, forms the first dish of the Spanish dinner. It is boiled slowly and for many hours in an earthern pot, and its solid ingredients are served on dishes around it. Here are thick slices of boiled beef, fowl, and bacon; there a dish of peas; here vegetables and slices of sausages. Such soup is made daily in every well-regulated Spanish household, where a cup of broth may be had at any hour. Following this puchero comes the fried. The Spaniard has an unwholesome penchant for things fried, from fried brains to sweetbreads; but the frying, in olive oil of fine quality, is of the perfection of frying, and recalls no memory of that greasy institution, the British frying-pan.

At a Spanish dinner, as has been already observed, all roasts are served before the fish, and according to Spanish taste it is *de rigueur* that the roast be burned well-nigh to a cinder. After fish come sweets—rice and milk and whipped cream being simple dainties much in favour. Cheese is less used than in France, but fruit, fresh or dried, is the Spaniard's necessity, and he procures it somehow all the year round. Little wine is drunk, especially by the lady members of the family, whose beverage for the most part is pure spring water. A cup of chocolate at four o'clock, after the inevitable siesta, fills the middle interval between dinner and supper, which latter is served at eight o'clock. Often at this meal some more than ordinarily national dish is served. A stew of ham, chicken, tomato, sausage, pepper, and saffron, which comes to table in the earthen pot it was cooked in, occurs frequently. In summer time a sort of cold soup appears, a direful dish, a sort of salad gone hopelessly wrong, that would vex unspeakably the soul of the serious gourmet. It is made of cucumber, onions, tomato, and lettuce, chopped fine and rubbed through a coarse sieve. Water, oil, vinegar, and salt are poured upon the mess, to which is added small dice of bread. Queen Mercedes, coming home overheated from a long ride, took a basin of such soup, and died—as who could wonder? Garlic is not, be it said, the besetting sin of the Spanish family, who use very little. It is in the cheap restaurants and the hotels reserved for the accommodation of the British tourist that the odour of it hangs in the air, palpable as a November fog, solid enough almost to hang your hat upon.

"FRANCE ON THE ROAD TO RUIN."

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

DEAR SIR,—In the article by Mr. E. Egmont Hake on the above subject in your issue of the 3rd inst., I notice what appear to me some exceedingly novel views on the question of protection. I quote the following from the article:—"The unprotected industries, having thus to provide the whole expense of the nation, *plus* the maintenance of all those engaged in protected industries, soon began to sink under the burden." I have heard many hard things said against protection, but certainly I have never, until I read this article, heard it put forward that those engaged in protected industries produced nothing for their own maintenance. And again: "While thus the bulk of the nation is busily engaged in destroying capital, the wealth-producers of the country are reduced to a comparatively small number." From what goes before the sentence it is evident that the "bulk of the nation" refers to those engaged in protected industries, while the "wealth producers" are those engaged in industries that are not protected. In short, we are told that not only do protected industries produce nothing for the maintenance of those engaged in them, but that they are actually destroying the capital of the country. This seems to me a new doctrine in economics. A lump of sugar is manufactured at a certain expense to the nation under a system of free trade; it is made at a greater expense to the country if the industry is protected. But I cannot see that the man who produces a protected lump of sugar produces nothing, or that he helps to destroy the capital of the country. In other words, I cannot see that a protected lump of sugar is not a lump of sugar at all, which, it appears to me, is the conclusion which Mr. Hake's argument would lead us to.—Yours truly,

London, Oct. 4. D. P. M.

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THE THEATRE.

"THE TWO JOHNNIES," AT THE TRAFALGAR THEATRE.

"Durand et Durand" was the funniest piece of the Parisian season of 1887. Produced on the 18th of March, it ran for 136 nights, to the rapture of the laughter-loving and the gratification of MM. Maurice Ordonneau and Albin Valabrègue. Yet the success was wholly unexpected. The management were very doubtful about the piece; they only put it on as a last resource, and one of their leading actors refused to play the part of the grocer Durand. Its triumph did not end with 1887. It has been often revived, and always with the success that it deserves, for it is almost as amusing as if it were signed Labiche. Mr. Horner, who has a "quick eye to see" English possibilities in French plays, secured it, adapted it in collaboration with Mr. Frank Wyatt, and produced it in Northampton in 1888, and at the Vaudeville in London on June 6, 1889. If, therefore, "Durand et Durand" is no novelty to the student of the stage, neither is "The Two Johnnies." The conversion of French farce to English farce is not a very vital kind of work, and there are signs abroad that the public is less patient than it was some years ago. But in the lack of good farces of our own it is possible to laugh occasionally at adaptations of the farces of others, and enough of the laughable qualities of "Durand et Durand" remain in the new edition of "The Two Johnnies" to divert the light-hearted. It affords Mr. Frank Wyatt opportunity for much whimsical and eccentric humour. Mr. Wyatt has a very remarkable gift of light comedy, and it is to be regretted that he has not made more use of it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHURCH AND NONCONFORMITY.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—You deserve the thanks of the community for letting the light fall on an obscure subject, viz., the difference between the clergy and the Nonconformist ministers, and the effect of Disestablishment upon this difference (Occasional Notes, October 3). May I try in your columns to make the matter a little clearer still? The position of the Anglican clergy is due to three distinct things, which are always (and, as it seems, wilfully) confused by the advocates of Disestablishment. They are: 1. Their political status. 2. Their ecclesiastical status. 3. Their social status.

1. The clergy are one of the estates of the realm. They have certain positions *ex officio* (*e.g.*, the chairmanship of the vestry). Their service book is part of the statute law. A few of them are peers of Parliament.

2. The clergy regard themselves as "priests," namely, they consider themselves the officers of a divinely-instituted society. In their eyes the "ministers" are the officers of societies of human origin only. This has nothing whatever to do with political or social status. It has been said (and it is worth repeating) that in the eye of the Church the wildest Irish Roman hedge-priest is as much a "priest" as the Deans of St. Paul's and Westminster, while the Court chaplains at Berlin have neither part nor lot in the matter.

3. The social status of the clergy is not due so much to their birth or education as to the fact that the great majority of the upper classes belong to the Church and naturally prefer to entertain their own "ministers." This preference is universal. Mr. Jones, the Baptist merchant, asks his minister to dinner in preference to the neighbouring Methodist or Congregationalist, and who can prevent the Duke of St. Jerome's from doing the same? Disestablishment will affect only the first of these three considerations. It is a question for practical Nonconformist ministers and people to ask: Will the disestablished clergy abate one jot of their "sacerdotal pretensions," and will the upper classes regard with more friendly eyes those who are (to them) the ringleaders in a successful policy of spoliation?—I am, &c.,

AMICUS OMNIUM.

JEWISH CRUELTY TO CATTLE.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—I have long protested against the Jewish method of slaughtering cattle, which consists in:—

1. Needlessly frightening and more or less painfully casting or suddenly and violently throwing the animal on its side, which may possibly even fracture a limb, &c.

2. Forcibly securing and twisting its head backwards by an iron rod to extreme tightness: an act of revolting cruelty.

3. By bleeding the more or less conscious animal to death.

4. Thus, a calf killed by the Jewish plan may suffer seven minutes' avoidable acute agony; whilst, slaughtered in the Christian manner, its insensibility is intense and immediate, and its death rapid and painless.

5. Omitting the expeditious, painless, humane, Christian operation of stunning the animal with a mallet or piercing its brain with a poleaxe-punch, thus producing immediate intense insensibility; and then pithing, which consists in breaking up the brain and spinal cord with a clean cane or wire at once pushed through the hole made by the poleaxe-punch. Breaking up the brain abolishes sensation and volition. Destroying the spinal marrow where it joins the brain arrests muscular movement. Simultaneously wrecking the substance of the brain and spinal cord or marrow is instant death, which is the practice and procedure of the Christian slaughter of animals. Sometimes, instead of pithing, the spinal cord is cut close to the brain. The Jewish cattle cut-throat system is bungling, brutal, barbaric, because it omits to stun or pierce the brain, and to break up the brain and spinal marrow, or to cut the spinal cord close to the brain.

6. About May, 1890, I noticed that in certain "Jewish" slaughter-houses, after the *schauchet*, or paid professional Jewish cattle cut-throat, had divided the throat and neighbouring vessels of the animal, then the Christian butcher—apparently *without* orders from the Jewish authorities—mercifully cut the creature's spinal cord.

7. Because of *ante-mortem* changes in the blood, &c., due to pain and fright, "Jewish" meat seems somewhat more prone to early decomposition, and contains rather more blood than Christian meat. During 1891 the French press discussed the advisability of prohibiting, as a food, the meat of bulls taken straight from public fights for slaughter by Paris butchers.

Animals exhausted by excessive exertion or fright, die in a quasi-"feverish" state, supplying a more or less inferior food, which sometimes from changed chemical conditions, is so unhealthy that it may even be poisonous.

German sportsmen know that stags hunted to death yield a noxious venison, which is refused and rejected as food alike by the half-starving local peasants and their equally famished dogs. Animals caught alive in traps, especially after long imprisonment, owing to prolonged pain and fright furnish also an inferior class of meat which is prone to early decomposition. Wild hares and rabbits run to death may supply similar bad food. Being long crushed, injured, and frightened, netted fish are more liable to early putrification than hooked fish, which are killed quicker. Merely for the sake of tradition and superstition, probably handed down from the priests of ancient Egypt, the orthodox Jews still retain a custom opposed alike to modern science as well as humanity. The *schechita*, or slaughtering of cattle, according to the antiquated Jewish ritual, puts a lever in the hands of agitators who are anxious to make capital against a race rather than against a religion.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

30, *Sussex-square, Brighton, Oct.* 3. J. LAWRENCE HAMILTON, M.R.C.S.

PERPETUAL MOTION "INVENTIONS."

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—There is another than the pitiful side to the constant crop of these patents, which, as your Science Notes of to-day point out, usually come from poor as well as ignorant men. I allude to the astonishing fact that the Patent Office grants the patents for these absurdities after an "official examination" by experts, and swells its revenue by taking the fees from these poor people.—Yours truly,

Putney, October 2. W. M. M.

Many persons keep ready at hand CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to prevent bilious attacks sick headache, and so each ailments, and find them just what they need. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

STORIES: LONG AND SHORT.

THE three-volume novel of murder and sensation makes one turn to the "shilling shocker" with feelings akin to affection. The latter, at least, is not long enough to bore. To come upon a murder in the second chapter of the first volume of three necessarily implies many a page of padding ere the murderer be tracked and brought to justice. Upon the present generation even Wilkie Collins and Gaboriau pall: only the great Dumas himself is supportable. In "An Excellent Knave" (London: Hutchinson and Co.) Mr. J. Fitzgerald Molloy has done his best conscientiously, if not always grammatically. He has placed almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of his detectives; he has introduced local colour, English and Italian, without stint; he has been lavish with his love affairs, giving us two—nay, three, if romance below stairs may for aught be counted. And yet we fancy he would have lost nothing, except in royalties, had he told his tale in some hundred or two pages and charged but a shilling for it. The hero is a young artist, with black hair, blue eyes, thick, upturned, pugnacious nose, delicately curved protruding lips, square, firm chin; altogether, he had "the countenance of one destined to hew his way through the world: one whom no fear would vanquish, no obstacle overcome, no threat dismay." You know the type? And yet, judging from his conduct under the charge of murder he would have proved the veriest lamb led to the slaughter had he not had just sense enough to employ a good detective in his behalf; a man not destined to hew his way through the world surely could not have done less. The heroine is a young girl with winsome face, oval, finely-moulded cheeks, and a complexion of ivory hue. The detective—of him we can scarce speak with patience—is an odious, tiresome creature, with the "change-artiste's" faculty for disguises, and a vile habit of playing the flute and talking cheap philosophy to his black tom-cat, who certainly deserved a worthier master. But how the two former were affected by the murder of Charles Forrester, how the latter solved the mystery that ceases to excite before the first volume is at an end, it would be kinder to leave to Mr. Fitzgerald to tell himself.

"Violetta" is the silly pseudonym of a "lady novelist," who disarms criticism by the greater silliness of her story. To consider seriously "The Heir of Inglesby" (London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) would be, indeed, to break a butterfly upon the wheel. We have it not in our heart to take the writer to task severely. She is so frankly an amateur in the art of story-telling, so immature in her powers of vision and observation, that we hope for her own sake she may be young, and thus have time to amend her ways. Who but the very youthful could still rejoice in the "tall, slight young fellow with a quantity of dark curly hair falling in artistic disorder low upon his forehead; clean-chiselled features, and magnificent eyes, remarkable both for their brilliancy and depth of expression"? Or in the lovely maiden, with pink and white complexion, fair silken hair twisted round a small head in picturesque confusion, and falling in natural ringlets over the forehead? With these familiar puppets and their doings we were long since surfeited. The youth rejoices in the name of Rudolpho, and is quite a remarkable person. For, having been left destitute, after a few months' tutoring he seems to have made money enough to throw up work and live very much as he chooses; this choosing leading him from Italy to England and the Thames, where, wise in his generation, he carries his dress clothes with him on a camping-out expedition, and is thus prepared to dine with any stray acquaintances he may make by the way. His wisdom is rewarded, for among these acquaintances are his grandfather (all "unbeknowns" to him), of whom he is rightful heir (of course); and his cousin, who turns out (equally of course) to be the girl with the silken hair he had seen once and loved. He does a few "views" (he had worked at painting, though "merely with the desire of becoming an artist, never with the idea of gaining a livelihood") for the grandfather, and then steps at once into fame and a big studio in Rome. After the inevitable false report of his beloved one's marriage to "another," and the consequent brain fever, he comes back to England to claim his estate and his fair bride. And there may be readers left who find pleasure in this sort of stuff! The merit of the book is that it fills but a single volume, and not three.

From murders and Rudolphos it is a pleasure to turn to the simple, quiet, unassuming stories which E. Nesbit has collected together in a small paper-covered volume, one of the "While-away Library," and called "Something Wrong" (London: A. D. Innes and Co.). They are not powerful or startling, or strikingly original; but they are well written, which in these days is a great matter, and well told, with a direct straightforwardness which is not without its effect. Quite the best is the last in the collection, "A Grand Piece of Work," a tale probably being acted with but too grim reality in the north at the present moment: a tale, that is, of the workman out on strike, of the mother and child starving to death at home. The subject is one inviting sentiment, but the merit of the sketch is its escape from that cheap and maudlin pathos which is the Briton's delight. Restraint here serves the writer well, and proves more eloquent than the most elaborated gush. The same absence of mawkishness distinguishes "The Linguist," a clever little study of a type by no means uncommon: the youthful, boyish, gay enthusiast, with unflagging spirits, who believes in himself, though there is absolutely no reason for his belief. The character is excellently drawn, but the suicide at the end seems a trifle forced. The remaining stories are scarce as good as these two, but all are fairly readable, and none positively bad.

Mrs. (or Miss) Esther Carr's "Heart of Montrose and Other Stories" (London: T. Fisher Unwin) are written for children. The young to-day are provided with a literature of their own, and yet we question whether they are better off than the children of an earlier generation brought up on stronger fare. Boys and girls who revelled in Scott and Dickens, who delighted in Dumas, who took secret and awful pleasure in the Penny Dreadful, would have small appetite for the saintly little girls and brave little boys now supplied for nursery and schoolroom. Mrs. Carr's are not precisely of this order, though, with too many writers of children's stories, she has a tendency to exaggerate the heroic qualities and missionary calling of her small heroes and heroines, thus making them out to be irritating little prigs. The stories are all written with care and simplicity, and if without distinction of style or very engrossing interest, they are still much above the average.

The "new humour" has much to answer for, and "Declined with Thanks," by Mr. Ernest Mulliner (London: Henry and Co.), is not the least of its sins. There is no more deplorable spectacle than a man trying to be funny at any price, and it were kindness to draw the curtain of silence over Mr. Mulliner and his sorry little jokes. We have read his book conscientiously, hoping against hope that we might, before the end, find a gleam of humour to redeem it. Suggestions of Frank Stockton and Max Adeler we found, weak re-echoes of "Three Men in a Boat" and their fellows. But true humour was as lacking as even the shadow of originality. We trust the writer's explanation that all his chapters have been "Declined with Thanks" is something more than a joke; then would our respect for editors be increased mightily.

THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG IN THE DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

BY A PIONEER.

THE very interesting article on the subject of the training of children in the Swiss schools in your issue of 2nd inst. reminds me that some years ago, in 1886, some of us attempted the same thing in East London. At that time we had recently formed a company of cadets the *personnel* of which was composed of working boys. On account of the difficulty of obtaining a hearing for a new scheme among the populace in so over-crowded and decentralized a city as London, we commenced recruiting from a well-known boys' club in Whitechapel. There was from the first no difficulty in obtaining recruits, but of course we had the ever-pressing trouble of obtaining money for such an undertaking. However, owing to the fact that we were residents at the University Settlement at Toynbee Hall, and that we had the valuable support of the Warden (Canon Barnett), we were able to overcome this initial difficulty. The boys forming part of this company averaged in age perhaps fifteen years, and they were, as may be supposed, working lads—a great proportion of them being printers, bookbinders, and tailors.

It was then our hope that around this nucleus we might be constructing a formidable body of cadets, representing almost every trade and interest in the East-end. One of our earliest efforts was of course to bring in the board schools, though it must be remarked that on account of the early age at which the children leave these schools, namely, at twelve years, there was a difficulty not experienced possibly in Switzerland. Nevertheless, there should be a fair number of the elder boys and a number of the associated evening class scholars to enable a fair company to be formed in each of the larger schools. To bring in these schools we were at some pains to write to the head teachers in London to obtain their opinion as to the feasibility of their schools joining in the movement. Each of these schools would in this case have formed a company of our adolescent army. However, the replies received from the various teachers were so lukewarm when they were not directly in opposition to the scheme that we were forced into the belief that something must be wrong somewhere.

It may, therefore, be wise to inquire into the cause of this apathy on the part of the directors of these schools. Like the Irishman in difficulties we must, I fear, ascribe it to the Government, but with more justice.

PRESSURE ON GOVERNMENT.

Whether we be Tories, Whigs, Radicals, or Conservatives, it is not usual for us to encourage the idea in England that the Government should move without being jogged; though it must be accepted that such a position for a governing body is not from their own point of view highly dignified. The powers that be no doubt consider it good policy, and if not dignified, at least leisurely. A jibbing horse, or even another kindred but more patient animal which it would not be decent to mention in this connection, argues possibly in very much the same strain.

Seriously, however, we apply the principle of the non-intervention of Governments a little too widely as concerns enterprises likely to be of value to the community but where a doubt as to their popularity exists.

The Government, in small matters as in great, says, in fact, to the man with a scheme, "It is good, expend your energy upon it, knock holes in brick walls, cut trees, clear the ground, and when you have done these things we will grant you official permission to go on doing them, and when the profit is made, it will be your pleasure as well as your duty to hand it over to us." But I have not taken up the "scribbling tool" to contend against so revered and ancient a principle of English Government as is this one, because, in the first instance, there is no doubt that the effect of it has been good. Through this means the Empire has been extended in all directions, English trade has been built up, and in many instances, as, for example, in the great commercial schisms, peace has been restored. So long as there are willing coadjutors of the Government forthcoming to take the risk of loss upon their shoulders it would indeed be an ill-advised proceeding to oppose this principle.

THE DUTIES OF THE STATE.

But—and there is a very big but here—there are still some limits. It will be admitted that the most important of the duties of the State is the cultivation of the mind of the young in all matters which belong to the duties of citizenship. We have admitted our responsibility in the matter of elementary education. To some of us, however, it has appeared that while admitting this theory we have not applied it quite properly. It has been directed rather to the particular effort of making the boy a good workman than to making him a good all-round citizen. He is taught how to become a household saviour—certainly one of his first duties—but he is insufficiently, if at all, instructed in his responsibilities in respect to the Empire of which he forms a part.

Those who think with us believe that one of the best methods of teaching this wider doctrine is by encouraging the young to take an active interest in the defence of their country.

As we have the poor, so have we always the Peace Society with us, and we are aware that a society who could smell a "Strafford" in the Postmaster-General who wished to inaugurate drill for the telegraph boys is not one likely to acquiesce in all the views propounded here. States and communities are founded, and have their existence, primarily on their capacity to resist invasion. Therefore, one of the earliest duties of the State should be to teach its citizens the art of collective resistance to external attacks. This can only be obtained through discipline. It is, then, astonishing that in the government of this great Empire we have apparently overlooked a very obvious duty—namely, the instruction of the young in the first of their lessons.

In the elementary schools, so far as I am aware, there is no properly organized instruction of this kind, and when Lord Meath suggested that each Board school should possess a national flag it was by many supposed to be quite an unnecessary expenditure, and was eventually supplied by voluntary subscription. To me the astonishing thing is that the schools neither have a flag nor even a descriptive map of the British Empire on their walls; nor can I see how, without some such points of colour to call forth their imagination, the children can be properly instructed in their duties as inheritors of a great empire.

As to the matter of instructing the children in this elementary defence through military exercises, we should have thought that no external initiative would have been necessary to force upon the authorities this duty, but rather the system would have received its force from the Central Government itself. We have shown that this is not so; and, further, the callousness of the authorities appears to have been communicated to the head teachers; and this fact is, perhaps, the most extraordinary part of it. Even when the teachers are invited to participate in an external movement of this kind, they fear that any action on their part may annoy the authorities. No other explanation can well be made of a policy at once so short-sighted and so unpatriotic.

To revert to the original propositions. A Government should not require, in matters so closely pertaining to its very existence, to be instigated to such duties by outside individuals. If it has neglected its duties before it should assuredly willingly undertake them when invited, and not leave the onus of such a work upon the shoulders of voluntary subscribers.

The encouragement of the formation of cadet corps should not only take the form of supplying the young volunteers with the necessaries of service, uniform, &c., but it should moreover apportion a certain part of the school hours to instruction in martial exercises.

We are informed that the Trocadero will be reopened on Monday next. Seeing that the hall is one of the most comfortable and convenient in London, and was at one time the haunt of some very amusing people, it would have been a pity if it had remained closed any longer. We hear that there will be a strong programme on the opening night.

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(Publishers' Announcements continued on Page 6.)

The Wares of Autolycus.

The sudden honours paid to M. Emile Zola in London have put strange memories in the head of Paris. We English are accused of wholly irresponsible sayings in regard to our contemporaries: for instance, can it possibly be true that the *Times* weightily said not long ago that Paris could boast of but three distinct personalities of superior quality—Ernest Renan, Paul de Cassagnac, and Louise Michel? This is a retranslation from the indignant record of a Parisian, and the original words may therefore not have been precisely these, but of the names there can be no mistake. They are now administered to M. Zola by his compatriots as the antidote to every phrase of compliment, every word of honour, every wriggle wherewith the Englishman in difficulties with the subjunctive has sought to express homage. The appreciations of a town that says these incoherent things by the words of its leading paper are M. Zola's contemporaries unkindly imply, hardly worth a passage across the autumnal Channel.

That London (otherwise represented than by the *Times*) is ignorant of Parisian literature is by no means true. Perhaps no city ever took greater pains to understand a foreign neighbour than does our city to-day in regard to Paris. Paris takes no such pains in regard to us. If a Parisian journalist should hazard a remark as to the "distinct personalities" of England, the errors of his commonplace would certainly match those of the frantic originality of the *Times*.

Any way, French papers are still telling anecdotes daintily English. In a *Figaro* this week a tourist from Jersey describes the cabbage stalks which grow locally so tall and strong. After several centuries of astonishment at their improbable cabbages, he rather wittily says, the people of Jersey have realized that these vegetables have no connection with cookery, but are intended by nature for walking-sticks. And then he goes on to tell his English story. The English tourist—"probably an attorney or a lieutenant-governor," who has never read Victor Hugo, gets a stalk from the poet's Jersey garden or from that at Guernsey, and has it set in silver and adorned with his own arms. "All for the triumph of vying some day," at a five-o'clock between Belgrave square and Crescent Park, '*My troth dear, they are the splendid cabbage sticks of Victor Hugo's gardens from the Channel's Islands.*"

Two things which the indistinct multitude have of their very own are their names and ages; and until the morning paper can hit upon a device for inviting them to define themselves by telling their names, they are gladly taking the opportunity afforded them by the *Standard* to tell their ages. "Is a man old at fifty?" is almost too apt a subject of letter-writing to the papers to be wasted upon the close of the letter season. The *Standard* prints the letter of a person who has nothing whatever to say except that he is twenty-eight, but looks younger. He says it with brevity, almost, one might say, with point. He signs himself by the number of his years, with the effect of a kind of epigram. Others of the multitude separate themselves by the same means, but generally with some attempt at comment.

Both men and women have contrived of late to put off the time of declining from their prime, without deferring therewith the time of reaching to it. Nay, the tableland of life seems to be extended on both sides, and very notably on the later side. In the case of women something is due to the habits of the day, particularly the increased use of healthy, as distinct from unhealthy, luxuries. And something more than a superficial youthfulness is given, moreover, by alert dress and coiffure. Botanists talk of the habit of a plant, and a woman also has a habit, an attitude, which is manifested in her dress, and also fostered by it. For this reason there ought to be a great rejoicing over the abolition of the little drooping train of the last year or two. It is good news that the skirts of the newer fashions are to have that most alert, gay, and confident characteristic possible to the skirt of woman—a trifle more of length in front than at the back. It is not too much to say that this cheerful little incident is the sign of vitality and youth.

The most startling effect of outliving the youth that ends at thirty is the conviction forced upon you of the contemptibly short time that history—the known and recorded past—has lived. If history, or indeed made of such brief spaces of ten years' time as you are now passing, why, antiquity is abolished; there is no more olden time. Or rather, the only antiquity left is our own infinitely remote childhood. And childhood is as remote and mystical, looked back upon from our twentieth as it can be when looked back upon from our seventieth year. It is antiquity, it is the beginning of the world. The building of Rome is ancient history only because we heard of it when we were little children. The illusion of that incalculable time is over the records of the race.

All the beginning, all the distance, all the lapse, all the division, all that makes time wonderful, is the conception of the first ten years. No series of tens of adult years could make Babylon antique to us. To those infinite first years we owe the thought of eternity. By their measure the light of the fixed stars is long upon its way. Through them Abraham is old.

It is justifiable to criticise the measure in which a poet has chosen to write. For that is not the same thing as criticising his power of versification, a thing which the solemnity of the printing of Mr. Swinburne's verses in the *Nineteenth Century* seems almost to forbid. Will not the poets agree with us that the metre of "The Palace of Pan" is vulgar, the only quite vulgar metre in English verse? Its fault is more than a mere lack of dignity; it has a showy satisfaction and confidence that will not be ignored. Let us look upon the use of it as an experiment done with. Tennyson, Browning, Coventry Patmore—all have shunned it. Surely hardly a poet has touched it since "Alonzo the Brave." Cowper used it, but Cowper's inevitable, invincible quietness subdued its worst offences.

In alliteration Mr. Swinburne is still nimble. He knows how to make the middle of a word alliterate if the accent falls there, instead of at the initial. By the way, it is the lack of knowing how indispensable is accent to alliteration that makes the quoted phrase

Alliteration's artful aid

so futile. The *l* is the most emphatic sound of the verse. Besides, each of the initial *a*'s has a different sound. Except for the alliteration of the *a* in the penultimate syllable of the first word with the vowel of the last word (which is obviously a fluke), there would be no alliteration in the line whatever. It will, however, continue to be the classic and authoritative line on the subject.

Time was when London cared nothing whatever for its street aspect. So long as it was gorgeous within, a house might look as ugly as chance would make it on the outside. The feeling for privacy was doubtless far stronger in that day than it is now; and that feeling, doubtless, did its part in bringing about the rectangular and roofless box order of street architecture. The dining-room windows were protected with wire blinds, among the ugliest things ever produced by man, though their contemporaries, the horsehair sofas, run them hard. It would, doubtless, have seemed almost vulgar to a householder of position half a century ago to care how his house looked in the eyes of the passer-by. And something of the same feeling seems to remain, belated, among the owners of houses which remain unwashed, unpainted, drenched with sooty rain, that adds another coat of grime with every winter. The windows are black, like the walls, unbrightened, untouched. No hint is allowed to appear in them of anything cleaner within. The great house at Hyde Park-corner is the most obvious example. Unfortunately it is by no means conspicuous house in London.

Among the new and young writers of poetry who will probably be judged to have proved their fitness for their beautiful art, and one of the first of this publishing season, is Miss Elinor Sweetman. She dedicates her work to her sister, Mrs. Egerton Castle. Another sister is the lady who writes as "Mrs. Francis," and is the author of "Whither?" She has in the press two volumes of stories, principally Irish, which promise exceedingly well.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, temporarily absent from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

The Voices of the Morning.

The morning papers deal with an unusual assortment of subjects to-day. The first race for the America Cup is generally "leadered," then the Church Congress furnishes topics for comment. In addition to those from which we give quotations below, the *Times* has an article on Reformatory and Industrial Schools; the *Telegraph* on Sermons; the *DailyNews* on Lord Tennyson and his Friends; and the *Chronicle* on the Reunion of Christendom.

The Church and the Parish Councils Bill.

Alluding to the discussion at the Church Congress on the Parish Councils Bill, the *Times* says: "The charities which are believed to be imperilled by the bill are the elementary Church schools, the parish rooms, libraries, institutes, and clubs, and the large class of benefactions commonly known as dole charities. In all of these cases the churchwardens are very commonly the trustees, and under the bill there is at least a grave risk that they would be ousted from their duties in favour of parish councillors. The injustice of depriving the Church of her control of the schools and of the parish rooms and other similar institutions would be so flagrant, and such a step would be so totally irreconcilable with the assurances of Mr. Fowler, that it seems only fair to assume that no such result is intended by the Government. The schools have been founded and endowed by Churchmen for the purpose of promoting religious education, and the churchwardens have been chosen as trustees, not in their capacity as civil officers, but in their capacity as officers of the Church. The ecclesiastical character of the trusts is even more striking in the case of the parish rooms. They have been designed by the parish clergy and endowed by their exertions, and very often to no small extent out of their own pockets. To hand these over to secular custody would be, in the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'simply intolerable.' The case of the dole charities stands on a somewhat different footing. Most of these foundations date back to a time when philanthropy, as distinguished from charity, was a virtue practically unknown. The founders were Churchmen, and wished, not only to benefit the poor, but to dispense their charities through the hand of the Church. It is probable that a little investigation into the wording of the documents creating these trusts would establish that in many instances beyond all possibility of cavil, and such an investigation might perhaps be undertaken with advantage before the debates on the bill are resumed. In cases where the trustees, who are purely civil officers, have been joined with the churchwardens there is stronger ground for allowing the parish councils to intervene."

Hope of Settlement.

The *Daily News* sees some hope of settlement of the coal strike in the conference called by the Mayor of Sheffield. It goes on to say:—"The actual suggestions which the mayors hope will form the basis of a just and satisfactory settlement have not been made public, and they have not yet been completely formulated. The plea of the Coalowners' Federation is twofold. They say, in the first place, that the wages they pay are higher than those paid by their competitors in the Durham and Northumberland coalfields, and in the second place, that the price they get for their coal is so low as to make it impossible to pay higher wages than they do. With the second plea it is impossible to deal. The lower wages in the north-eastern mining district must be accepted as a permanent, and, for the present, unalterable element in the reckoning. But the low price of coal has already passed. This prospect, however, is of little cheer to owners who are under contracts with companies, with gas companies, with railways, and with ironworks for the supply of coal at a very low price for considerable periods which are yet unexpired. It is said to be these unfortunate contracts which make the present rate of wages too high. So long as the strike continues the obligation to deliver coal at the unremunerative prices is suspended, but as soon as the men return to work the ruinous obligation recurs. It has not been stated to what extent these contracts affect the question; but it is obvious that they must do so very largely. If this is the case, a revision of the contracts offers the possibility of some settlement. The employers would get, say, from sixpence to a shilling more per ton for their coal, and this slight rise would enable them to go on paying the men their present wages."

Labour Leaders and the Church.

Discussing the prospect of Mr. Tom Mann taking Orders in the Church, the *Chronicle* says:—"It seems to us that in exchanging the trade union platform for the ecclesiastical pulpit, Mr. Mann would be simply the victim of a generous but ill-calculated impulse. His action would go far to forfeit his influence with the very people whose concerns he has most deeply at heart. The fact is that the Labour movement contains very much that is genuinely religious; it is inspired by a spirit of helpfulness and comradeship, which, if it lacks self-consciousness, is at least healthy and natural, equal to a large number of professedly religious men in proportion as this is, so would the removal of a man who stands for Labour interests be felt as a reflection upon the high aims and purposes of the Labour movement. That there are men of ardent minds and generous sympathies in the uniform of the Church of England no one would dream of denying, and the life of devotion to high causes and of generous disinterestedness exhibited in many instances by these men is profoundly attractive. . . . But we must judge of institutions by their main tendencies and their relations with the life and needs of the time, not by the exceptional men connected with them. A Church that has constantly to be prodded into action by the people —a shepherd whose sheep are constantly pulling him out of the ditch—what sort of role is this for the Labour leader to adopt?"

The Maker of Germany.

"History affords fewer instances of the weakness of the truly great," says the *Standard*, "than may be found in the records of Prince Bismarck's Table Talk from the fateful day when he was dismissed from the responsibilities of State. But, happily for him and for Germany, his career was too grand and too glorious to be compromised even by his own indiscretions. Nothing that has occurred since the Iron Chancellor laid down the helm has detracted in the slightest degree the brilliancy of his achievements, as the founder, or, as he would prefer to say, the restorer, of German unity and supremacy. He was fortunate in his coadjutors. The work would have miscarried, it may well be, if he had not found at every juncture instruments precisely suited to his hand. Without the genius of Von Moltke or of Von Roon, and without the simple devotion of the Emperor William, Prussia might have remained a weak member of an unorganized congeries of petty States. The tricolour might be floating at Mainz, or have been carried in triumph to the gates of Dresden. But Bismarck was the central figure of the group. His prudent and supple policy in separation which culminated in the solemn triumph at Versailles. Others contributed to the creation of the German greatness; Bismarck planned it, and presided over the process by which it was slowly and laboriously evolved from the most unpromising elements of disintegration and confusion."

The County Council and the Music-halls.

The decisions of the Licensing Committee of the London County Council would seem to prove, remarks the *Morning Advertiser*, "that the views of the London County Council and the views of music-hall managers as to the manner in which those very popular places should be conducted are a great deal nearer than was formerly the case a few years ago. Like most reconciliations, this is probably the result of a little concession on both sides. On the one hand, it seems likely enough that the managers have found that they could sacrifice some of the features of their entertainments which to certain county councillors appeared objectionable without any diminution of their popularity, while, on the other, it is quite certain that some of the more prominent crusaders of a few years back have learnt by experience to take a far more benignant interest in music-halls than they did. They have found that many of the 'improprieties' which so greatly scandalized them when first they were in the business of censorship had only an imaginary existence, and that in most of the characteristics of this particular class of entertainments which did not chime in with the severe austerity of their own tastes there is no sort of harm."

The Vaccination Commission.

"It is probable," writes the *Morning Post*, "that the conclusions of the Commissioners will be in favour of vaccination, and that the anti-vaccinationists will receive a rebuff. But whether the report is to favour one side or the other, we certainly ought to have it without further delay. Apart from the main question whether vaccination is a blessing or a curse, there are numbers of points that it ought to settle. For instance, if vaccination is to be enforced, are the guardians the best bodies for the purpose, or would it be better to let the County Council carry out the Vaccination Acts just as they carry out those relating to adulteration? If re-vaccination cannot be made generally compulsory, might it not be required when small-pox is present? Is it desirable to extend the employment of calf lymph, which is much less used in this country than abroad, notwithstanding the fact that the Local Government Board have a special establishment for its cultivation? Finally, if universal vaccination is proved to be necessary, how is resistance to the law on the part of the ignorant poor to be overcome? These are questions on which the Royal Commissioners ought to pronounce a decided opinion with as little delay as may be, and it is to be hoped that their chairman, who has of late forsaken them, will be able speedily to submit to his colleagues a draft of the report for which they have been accumulating material during the last four years."

Pall Mall Gazette Office,

18, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

The report that the Tsarevitch has been or is about to be betrothed to Princess Maud of Wales is, writes a correspondent, manifestly untrue. The statutes of the Greek Church insist strictly prohibit the marriage of first cousins, and as the present Tsar is the very last man in the world to ignore those laws, nor would it be safe for him to do so, even if he were thus disposed. The Greek clergy and the most influential classes in Russia would regard such a marriage as illegal, and the dynasty would be threatened with grave danger. The fact is that the Tsarevitch has no desire to marry anybody, which is the reason that the various matrimonial projects which have been arranged for his benefit have all miscarried. It is only a few months since he was reported to be on the eve of betrothal to Princess Alix of Hesse Darmstadt, and more recently his impending engagement to Princess Sybilla of Hesse Cassel was announced from Copenhagen.

The King and Queen of Denmark, the Tsar and Tsarina, the Princess of Wales and her two daughters, and the other Royal guests at Fredensborg, proceeded yesterday afternoon on a cruise along the northern coast of the Island of Seeland on board the royal yacht *Osborne*. The yacht returns to Copenhagen to-day.

Princess Louise, who has been in Germany during the last month, is expected to arrive at Balmoral next week on a visit to the Queen. The Marquis of Lorne is going to stay at Inverary Castle with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, who are now settled there for the winter.

The Duke of Connaught has been the guest of Colonel Cavaye, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Southern District, during his farewell visit to Portsmouth, which terminated yesterday. The Government House, which has been dismantled since the departure of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, will be refurnished in the course of the next month.

Lord Ribblesdale has been staying for some time at Loch Tulla Lodge, Argyllshire, on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane, and he has killed several heavy stags in the deer forest of Black Mount.

The Rev. Joseph Leycester Lyne, better known by his religious name of "Father Ignatius," who originated the scene at the meeting of the Church Congress at Birmingham yesterday, has made it his mission to revive monasticism in the Church of England, in spite of opposition, and even persecution, which might have discouraged a man of more shallow convictions or lesser courage.

The monastery over which he presides, and to which is attached a priory of nuns, is situated in the heart of the Black Mountains, on the border of Herefordshire and Brecon, and the monks wear the Benedictine habit, claim to follow the primitive rule of the Saint, and follow Sarum use in their services. Ignatius has always been regarded as a troubler by the Bishops, and he has been inhibited in one diocese after another, but the present Bishop of London affects to regard him as a negligable quantity.

Twenty years ago Ignatius was allowed to speak at the Bristol Congress, and there was a tremendous sensation when he appeared on the platform in his black habit, with shaven crown, sandalled feet, and a crucifix by his side, Protestantism rising in force and absolutely howling him down. Time works many changes, however, and in 1889 the Congress heard him gladly, and rewarded him with ringing cheers. As a preacher he is remarkably successful, for he has an engaging manner, a countenance that reveals spirituality of mind, and an impassioned delivery.

As others see us. The Earl of Dunraven, says a leading New York contemporary, "is not verbose. What he says, however, is to the point. His manner and ideas are those of a thorough sportsman, not those of a mere patron of sport. He does not say 'Ye know,' and 'B' Jove.' He speaks in a perfectly natural way in modified English. He is a good man for Englomaniacs to meet. Unless they knew what he was, they would be likely to take him for an American. He is the right sort of a man to race for the America Cup, and if his yacht is the better he is the right sort of a man to win the Cup." That is by no means unkindly, but "modified English" is good.

Princess Christian, the President of the Royal British Nurses' Association, contributes an article on the work and objects of that organization to the first number of the *Nursing and Hospital Record*, under Mrs. Bedford Fenwick's editorship. So far from being indifferent to the status and training of the nurse, as its opponents have alleged, the aim of the organization has been to exclude the unfit and "raise the standard of general education and professional training, to foster among them an *esprit de corps*, and eventually, by their united efforts and with the generous assistance of an enlightened public, to raise them to the position of an organized and recognized profession intimately associated with, but in action always subordinate to, that of medicine."

Her Royal Highness, while holding that nursing is, above all others, a vocation for women, does not admit that all women are fitted to be nurses. "Not every one," she writes, "can be an artist, a musician, a sculptor, or put great thoughts into becoming words. How few can even prepare a meal to satisfy a discriminating palate! Neither, then, can all women nurse, and here falls a heavy responsibility on matrons and sisters. They, and they alone, have power and the opportunity of doing the needful sifting, and, by kindly disillusioning the probationer who is labouring to misapply her gifts, to save her from the bitterness of a wasted life. It is from the standpoint of such considerations as these that I have always regarded the Presidency of the Royal British Nurses' Association as one of the highest honours which it is my happiness to bear."

Allowing ten days to elapse after the offence had been committed, the French Government seem to have really made up their mind to prosecute M. Paul de Cassagnac for having insulted the Army in the person of General Saussier. There is a general feeling in Paris that this is treating both the matter and the man too seriously. The duelling editor of *L'Autorité* has long been one of the glories of Continental journalism. He is to the Right, or Conservative party, what Henri Rochefort is to the Intransigeants, and Clémenceau to the Radicals, and the very fact that he is no longer a deputy will tend to make him head of one of the Conservative groups outside the Chamber.

M. Cassagnac is but six weeks on the right side of fifty, but he does not look his age. Some twenty odd duels have left no trace on the tall, squarely built figure, and dark, imperious face. The son of a *littérateur* who had a certain success in his day, he entered journalism at the age of twenty-one, and a few years later was offered the editorship of *Le Pays*, one of the official organs of the Imperial Government. Even in those early days he became known as a formidable adversary and expert swordsman, and his duel with Gustave Flourens is even spoken of to-day in Parisian *salles d'armes* as a Homeric combat. He was still suffering from a wound received in an affair of the kind when the Franco-Prussian war broke out. He took part, as belonging to the first regiment of Zouaves, in the battle of Sedan, was taken prisoner by the Germans, and imprisoned eight months in a Silesian fortress.

During the last twenty years Paul de Cassagnac has kept up an active guerilla warfare with every form of Republican Government in turn. His sympathies are entirely Imperialist, but he considers that all the Conservatives should coalesce to make head against their common enemy, the Republic. Like most French political sheets, *L'Autorité* can boast of but one distinctive feature, namely, the daily leader signed by the editor. M. de Cassagnac writes with extraordinary rapidity, and always on the spur of the moment. His powers of invective and neatly-turned political insult are something unique.

Owing to the number of letters the Duchess of Sutherland has received since the paragraph regarding the Scottish Home Industries appeared in this column, her Grace wishes to notify that patterns will be sent out now, but, to avoid disappointment, cloth wanted for the early spring should be ordered during the next month, as the work connected with it is entirely manual.

Mrs. Oliphant has written "The Whirl of Life" for the *National Observer*. It is a tale of life at Oxford University, and it will run through the numbers for the present month.

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Publishers' Announcements.

(Continued from Page 4.)

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WEATHER FORECAST ISSUED AT 11 A.M. TO-DAY.
South England (with London and Channel).—Westerly to southerly and varying winds; changeable, rain at times.

Readings by NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA'S Instruments.

FOURTH EDITION.

THE CIVIL WAR IN BRAZIL.

THE CITY IN A STATE OF PANIC.

MURDERS AND ROBBERIES BY SOLDIERS.

NEW YORK, Friday.—The following telegram was despatched from Monte Video under yesterday's date:—The bombardment of Rio de Janeiro, which was begun yesterday, continued throughout the day, shot and shell being thrown into the city, while the shore batteries returned the fire. The greatest alarm prevails in the capital. Business is entirely suspended, the banks are closed, the bourse is utterly deserted, and the workshops and railways are at a standstill. Proposals have been made to prolong all commercial transactions, and every one who is able is fleeing from the city. President Peixoto's soldiers are committing murders and robberies, and are apparently beyond all restraint. They have killed many defenceless persons, and carried on a general plundering of shops and residences. Squads of armed soldiers are scouring the city in search of recruits, men of all classes being pressed into President Peixoto's service from all sides.

BRITISH RESIDENTS WARNED TO ESCAPE.

Other detachments of troops under the direction of the President's chiefs are seizing prominent persons who are known to be in sympathy with Admiral de Mello, and throwing them into prison. All the British residents have been warned by the British Minister to make their escape from Rio de Janeiro as the fleet has given notice of its intention to continue the bombardment. Postal facilities are suspended and President Peixoto searches every mail as it enters or leaves the capital. The sympathies of the entire city are with Admiral de Mello. President Peixoto is blamed for drawing the fire of the fleet upon the town, as he opened fire from the shore batteries on the fleet, which replied. The commanders of foreign warships are inactive on account of the new defences of the Government. Decisive battles are momentarily expected in the vicinity of the cities of Rio Grande, Porto Alegre, and Pelotas.—*Reuter.*

MONTE VIDEO, Thursday.—According to mail news received here from Rio de Janeiro, dated September 23, indecisive engagements between the insurgent fleet and the land defences take place every day. A decisive battle is, however, quite impossible, as President Peixoto has no ships of war and Admiral De Mello no troops. Some of the insurgent war steamers, carrying a large number of men, were sent to Santa Catrina and Punta Nacion on the 25th, and the two following days there was some severe fighting, in which heavy losses were sustained on both sides. Admiral De Mello has seized several vessels laden with coal.—*Reuter.*

ATTACK ON A BRITISH STEAMER.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—A steamer, which arrived at New York to-day from Rio de Janeiro, reports that while at the Brazilian port the rebels made an attack on one of Messrs. Lamport and Holt's steamers, which had a cargo of live stock, the object of the rebels being to seize the cattle. The British Admiral was, however, apprised of the affair in time to protect the vessel, and the rebels were driven off. The same steamer reports that Government property in Rio has been destroyed in wholesale fashion, and the capital presents a sorry spectacle.—*Central News.*

AN ENGLISHMAN KILLED.

NEW YORK, Friday.—A Buenos Ayres correspondent telegraphs:—A British subject named Windsor was killed during the bombardment yesterday. In the provinces the revolutionists have gained a great victory and captured the town of San Juan Baptista.—*Central News.*

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.

DESPATCH OF MORE TROOPS.

MADRID, Thursday Night.—At to-day's Cabinet Council, which was presided over by the Queen Regent in person, the Ministers seemed unanimous in the opinion that the attack on the Melilla troops called for energetic and vigorous measures. Sufficient reinforcements are accordingly being ordered to Melilla to protect the troops and convicts engaged in the construction of Fort Guariach, and to defend the honour of the Spanish flag. Half a battalion of the Bourbon Regiment left Malaga for Africa to-day and another half battalion will leave to-morrow. Further reinforcements have been ordered from Cordova. The War Office has also issued orders for all officers and soldiers now on furlough to join their regiments immediately. The public generally are much gratified at the energetic and prompt decision of the Cabinet Council, under the presidency of the Queen, as it is considered that it will go far to discount the necessary delay attending diplomatic claims, and it was felt that the honour of the nation was at stake. Count Caserta, a cousin of Don Carlos, and a cadet in the Spanish army, is going as a volunteer to Melilla. A corps of sharpshooters armed with the Manser rifle is also going. The Manser rifles, it is stated, will carry nearly double the distance of the Moorish rifles.—*Reuter.*

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC.

BUDAPEST, Friday.—One case of cholera was registered here yesterday. The epidemic is reported to be decreasing in the province.—*Dalziel.*

PRODUCTION OF FRANCHETTI'S "COLUMBUS."

HAMBURG, Thursday Night.—The first representation of Franchetti's opera, "Columbus," took place to-day at the Stadttheater here. The production was received with much approval on the part of the audience, Señor Vilar, who took the title-role, being repeatedly recalled at the end of each act.—*Reuter.*

THE MAIDENHEAD MYSTERY.

JUETT'S VISIT TO ARNHEM.

DE JONG TO BE HYPNOTIZED.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

AMSTERDAM, Friday morning.—The prisoner De Jong will be brought before the officer of justice to-day, and examined in the presence of Mr. Juett, the father of the supposed murdered woman. It is thought, however that the examination will throw but little fresh light on the mystery. Mr. Juett returned from Arnhem last night without learning anything likely to lessen his anxiety as to the fate of his daughter.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—The *Handelsblad* this morning states that the judicial authorities have decided, after consultation with several medical men, that hypnotic experiments shall be made upon De Jong. The law does not forbid resort to hypnotism, but prisoners cannot be convicted on confessions made by them while in a hypnotic sleep. The object will therefore be merely to abstract from him information regarding the missing women, which he refuses to give voluntarily. The experiments will be made by Dr. De Jong, of the Hague, a specialist on mental diseases, and Dr. Van Renterghem, of Amsterdam, who will visit the prisoner ostensibly for the purpose of examining the state of his mind.—*Reuter.*

FATAL FIRE AT A BARRACKS.

TWENTY-EIGHT SOLDIERS BURNED TO DEATH.

BERLIN, Friday.—According to news published here from Posen, a fire has occurred at the barracks at Roslavl, in the Russian Government of Smolensk, by which twenty-eight soldiers were burned to death. Eleven others, who escaped by jumping from the windows, sustained such severe injuries that their lives are in danger. The fire is suspected to be the work of incendiaries.—*Reuter.*

FRANCE AND MADAGASCAR.

ANNEXATION HINTED AT.

PARIS, Friday.—An account of an interview with M. de Mahy, who has returned from Madagascar is published to-day by the *Dix Neuvieme Siecle*. M. de Mahy attributes the assassination of M. Muller, the explorer, to the incapacity of the Malagasy Government to assure public safety in the country. He proposes to interpellate the Minister for Foreign Affairs regarding the concessions granted to foreigners in Madagascar. M. de Mahy concludes that the necessity for the annexation of the island by France becomes more and more evident, and he is convinced that a French expedition with that object will be inevitable, should the Malagasy Government persist in its present policy.—*Reuter.*

NEW PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.

CARACAS, Friday.—General Crespo, the President of Venezuela, has resigned, and has been replaced by General Alvazez, the Vice-President.—*Reuter.*

THE RISING IN ARGENTINA.

Dr. Saënz Pena, the President, has issued a manifesto thanking the people for rallying round the Government, the members of which, he states, are honest and impartial men. There is, therefore, he adds, no ground for revolt. According to intelligence received from Buenos Ayres, several hundred colonists were killed during the attack on Santa Fé. The cavalry are still pursuing the retreating rebels.

EXECUTION OF THE ANARCHIST PALLAS.

BARCELONA, Friday.—Pallas, the condemned Anarchist, was shot at nine o'clock this morning by a company of infantry in an enclosure close to the castle of Monjuich. A large force of troops surrounded the place of execution, and there was no disturbance. The condemned man displayed the greatest fortitude to the very end.—*Reuter.*

ENGLISH ADMINISTRATION ON THE NIGER.

PARIS, Friday.—M. Viard, former French Colonial Resident, has been interviewed by a representative of the *Eclair* on the subject of the dispute between Lieutenant Alizon and the Royal Niger Company. M. Viard declared that the difficulties arose from the fact that Great Britain had violated the spirit of the Act relative to the navigation of the Niger by entrusting its application to a trading company. He asserted that Great Britain had been guilty of illegality in neglecting to administer officially the regions of the Lower Niger. The charters which bound Great Britain to the Royal Niger Company possessed no validity as regarded other Powers. M. Viard added "it is inadmissible that we should tolerate the failure of Great Britain to administer this country as the act of the Berlin conference requires that it should be administered. We should demand the resumption of the official control of the Lower Niger or cease to recognize the Niger Navigation Act."—*Reuter.*

FRANCE AND THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

PARIS, Friday. — A despatch from Captain Binger, Governor of the French Ivory Coast, confirms the report that considerable excitement prevails at the village of Boubouri, near Grand Bassam, but adds that only five natives have been killed.—*Reuter.*

THE MINERS' STRIKE IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Friday.—At the close of a miners' meeting held yesterday at Orchies, another meeting was held at Charleroi, at which about 300 strikers were present. Stones were thrown which broke the windows of houses occupied by miners who have not joined the strike movement. A window of the Catholic Church was also smashed, and a shot was fired on the crowd from the building. Great uneasiness is felt at the turn events may take next Sunday when a Catholic working men's club is to be inaugurated there.—*Dalziel.*

MONS, Friday.—In the district of Mons only 6,000 miners now remain on strike. Generally speaking, the men in the mining localities are showing a disposition to resume work.—*Dalziel.*

THE NEW FRENCH CHAMBER.

PARIS, Friday.—The *Figaro* to-day says that the Council of Ministers has decided to summon the Chambers on the 14th of November as originally announced. The journal adds that the Cabinet will remain neutral in the debate upon the Amnesty Bill, which is chiefly interesting from the fact that it includes the name of M. Henri Rochefort.—*Reuter.*

PRINCE BISMARCK'S HEALTH.

MUNICH, Friday.—The *Neuesten Nachrichten* states that Professor Schweninger returned from Munich to Kissengen yesterday evening. He expressed the hope that Prince Bismarck will be able to leave for Friedrichsruh to-morrow.—*Reuter.*

LORD CROMER IN ALEXANDRIA.

ALEXANDRIA, Friday.—Lord Cromer has arrived here, and will have an audience with the Khedive to-day. He will proceed to Cairo in the afternoon.—*Reuter.*

SHOCKING WAREHOUSE ACCIDENT.

MANCHESTER, Friday (Special).—A shocking accident was brought under the notice of the Bolton coroner to-day. A woman named Mary Shone, fifty years of age, employed at Wild's Waste Warehouse, Bolton, was sorting material in one of the upper storeys when, in leaning forward, she overbalanced herself and fell headlong into a pit below, fracturing her skull. She was taken to the infirmary, where she shortly afterwards died.

THE BATH CAVE TRAGEDY.

The coroner to-day resumed the inquiry into the Bath murder case. A witness named Clark said that on the August Bank Holiday, 1892, he saw a man with only his shoes on near the cave. The man said bathing. He was of medium height, about twenty-five years old, with light brown moustache.

SUICIDE OF A SOLDIER.

William Osmonde, a soldier, committed suicide at Croydon last night by blowing his brains out with a revolver.

M. Paderewski left Charing Cross station by the 11 A.M. service for Paris to-day.

FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

FIRST ATTEMPTED RACE VOID.

HONOURS TO "VALKYRIE."

INTERNATIONAL CRITICISMS ON THE MATCH.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

(Per The Anglo-American Telegraph Company, Limited.)

New York, Thursday Night.—To the great disappointment of every sportsman among the tens of thousands of spectators who went out to sea looking for a great race for the America Cup between the American sloop *Vigilant* and the British cutter *Valkyrie*, the attempt to make the race resulted in a failure for lack of wind.

The yachts and the flagship and the excursionists reached the red lightship off Sandy Hook long before the time fixed for the start. There was a light but hopeful wind from the north. The course was promptly laid out due south, and the stake-boat sent skurrying away to make the turn. A half-hour earlier than the time agreed on—that is to say, at 11.15 A.M., instead of at 11.45 A.M.—the preliminary signal was given, and ten minutes later the yachts got a fair start with the honours egged up to the credit of *Valkyrie*. The boats held their way, as will be told further on, until *Valkyrie* was enabled to take advantage of a fluke that hung up *Vigilant* and thereafter to lead the way around the turn. But the whole was labour lost. They held on until within eighteen minutes of the limit of time, six hours, and then with perhaps eight miles yet to cover, they gave up the ineffectual struggle.

The excursion fleet, early as it was afloat, was not in time to catch *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie* before they left their anchorage, the former in tow of *Commander*, and the Briton under the wing of *Lewis Pulver*, getting under way quite early, breasting the fog which made the morning grey and dull. But the excursion fleet came hard on the heels of the racers, while most of the big ones were scheduled to start at nine o'clock.

Scene at the Rendezvous.

There was a regular host of tugs chartered by downtown merchants and other substantial and more or less nautical citizens who had sporting blood in their veins, and did not want to be hampered by any crowd of seasick landlubbers when seeing such an important event as an international yacht race. They had, therefore formed congenial little cliques with a fast tug to each clique, and they got away at eight bells sharp. Along with them was to be seen here and there a tidy little steam yacht. There were also a few sailing yachts under full canvas, but the lack of a good breeze, even though they had an ebb tide to help them, made their chances of seeing anything but the finish of the race very slim. No matter; that would be far and away better than seeing no part of the contest, the more especially as the result of the race was considered a deal more uncertain than that in any contest for the America Cup yet sailed.

As a matter of fact there was in the lower bay some little show of weather that might prevent the race. The fishing schooners and pilot boats under sail did not exhibit any speed worth talking about, and there were greasy-looking streaks of dead calm water scattered about on the rippled surface. Worse yet, the bawling of the steam siren on Sandy Hook came over the water to tell of fogs outside. If there was anything that could have repressed the exuberant spirits afloat at that hour it was a prospect of a flat calm with fog. But their spirits were not to be so dulled.

The point to which all the excursion fleet headed was, of course, the thick red hulk known to all seafaring folk as the Sandy Hook lightship. She lies seven miles outside the Hook—a stretch of water that was yesterday morning as smooth as any landsman could have expected to find it. If the big cyclone off the Carolinas was kicking up a sea the swells failed to reach Sandy Hook. There was simply the usual heave of the waves to be found there on a summer day, with a brown ripple over all, to show how the breeze held on.

From the moment *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant* emerged from the mist interest in all other objects was lost. It was at about 10.45 A.M. that the commodore's steamship *May* arrived. At that moment the American was dressed in her mainsail, two jibs, and her club topsail, while the British boat had only her mainsail up and was still in tow of the *Pulver*. The seamen on *Valkyrie* were setting their club topsail, however, and the yachting experts noted that there was no haste about the work.

The hulls of the rivals were compared. Much more beautiful afloat are both of them than in the dry dock. The greater breadth of *Vigilant* was manifest to every eye, and that was something to appeal to the lover of the American idea that once found expression in "the skimming dish."

It is likely that there was not one of the spectators present who saw the *Volunteer* and *Thistle* race but was reminded of *Thistle* on looking at *Valkyrie*, especially when looking on her stern, the similarity there was remarkable. Then, too, there was the colour of the yachts, the British black and the Yankee white was a point for another reminder. But, after all, the similarity to the old racers was not great, and there were few of the spectators but noticed the great difference in the spread of canvas. No such towering sails as these were ever seen in a yacht race here before.

THE RACE

The flagship *May* dropped anchor about an eighth of a mile east of the red-hulled lightship, and at 11.10 o'clock set the international code signals indicating that the course would be south, or dead before the gentle northerly breeze that barely lifted the pennants from masts and flagstaffs. The code signals were broken out from halliards bent on the maintopmast stay. They were set perpendicularly, and read downward were thus translated by the experts in the sign-language of the sea, "D F B." The first letter was expressed by a blue pennant with a white ball in the middle, the second by a red pennant with a white ball, and the third by a plain red burgee. These bits of bunting thus combined spelled "south."

The preparatory gun boomed from the *May* at 11.15 A.M., and simultaneously a big red hollow sphere of canvas was run up on the maintopmast stay just forward of the code signals. The yachts had ten minutes to get in position to cross the line. They manœuvred cautiously to the north of it. When seven minutes of the time for preparation had elapsed, the yachts bore down towards the line. *Vigilant* had the advantage of the sleek-looking Briton. It seemed for a moment as if the centre-boarder had been a little too quick, and that she would cross the line before the starting gun was fired, and be compelled to return and probably lose several precious moments in beating to try it over. But she headed to the westward, thus getting the wind abeam, and checked her forward movement just enough to allow her a few seconds to spare before the bang of the starting gun. Then she squared away, breaking out her dusky spinnaker that had been linked in stops, and crossed the line at 11.25 A.M.

Valkyrie followed on the weather quarter of *Vigilant* at 11.25.

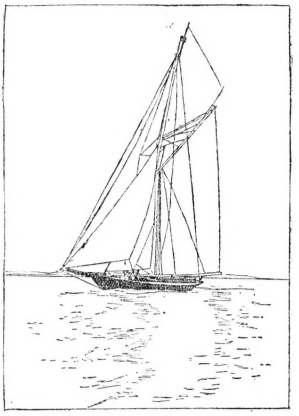
As both yachts were timed in the English fashion from gunfire, the American got several seconds to her credit by being first over the line, and they might have contributed much to her success if the wind had held. There was less than two boats' lengths between the duellists. A moment before *Valkyrie* crossed her snowy raw silk spinnaker burst from her forward hatch; then it unfolded as it was hauled out to the end of the boom and bellied to the breeze, a wondrous fabric, the like of which has never before been seen on a boat in this latitude. But despite its spotlessness it did not seem to "draw" as well as the yellowish Yankee sail.

Calms and Caps of Wind.

The run out—so long as it was run—was against the tide through placid seas without the faintest suspicion of a crest. It was a drowsy contest. The yachts courtesied to the swells indolently and gracefully. Never have the seas appeared more slumberous in an international race. Yachtsmen who attended the flukes of other years, when the spectacle was mostly inside Sandy Hook, shook their heads gloomily. There was little hope that the yachts would finish the race within the time-limit of six hours.

Valkyrie took the Yankee's wind for a moment just after the start, but the Yankee headed to the south-west a bit and escaped a blanketing. She then began to draw ahead, not very rapidly, but enough to cheer the patriots and convince some of the experts with a bias for centre-boards that she will prove a better boat in light airs when the air is astern.

After the yachts had been drifting for about an hour and three-quarters the breeze shifted from north to north-west, and got around finally to south-west, heading them off. *Vigilant* took in her spinnaker at 1.15 o'clock, and a few minutes later lowered her intermediate jib topsail. This was apparently a little premature. *Valkyrie* held on to her



"VALKYRIE": THE CHALLENGER.

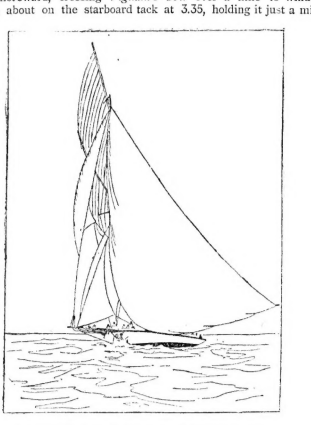
spinnaker five minutes after *Vigilant* took hers in, and also kept up her jib-topsail. She closed the gap of nearly an eighth of a mile between herself and *Vigilant*, and, to the surprise of the floating multitude, passed to starboard of her rival, and with a marvellous swiftness, considering the lightness of the breeze, drew ahead on the starboard tack.

Meanwhile, *Vigilant* had drifted into the doldrums. It was said that she had hauled down her intermediate jib topsail—which had been drawing well—too soon, and had lost so much headway that, owing to the light breeze and the strong flood tide, she could not get around. Whatever may have been the real reason for her plight, she could not get steerage way sufficient to head up into the wind. For more than ten minutes she lay broadside to the breeze and tide as if she were anchored. She got around at last at 1.37, and moved lazily to the southward on the starboard tack, more than half a mile astern of the slippery cutter.

Seamanship on "Valkyrie."

Part of the advantage gained by *Valkyrie* was due to superior seamanship on the part of the British skipper rather than to a superior craft. The increase of that advantage, doubtless, was partly due to a habit *Valkyrie* evidently has of slipping to windward, like smoke when the winds are light.

The chances of *Vigilant* catching up seemed shadowy. Some of the Americans were inclined to think that she was holding her own. Their impression was doubtless based largely on the wish that she might hold her own, but it cannot be said that she did. The leading boat always has the better of it in a freshening wind in a close reach or in dead-to-windward work. To this, perhaps, may be attributed some of *Valkyrie's* gain. In the struggle for the outer mark it was a long leg and three short ones for the Britisher. She went about on the port tack at 3.27, and headed shoreward, crossing *Vigilant's* bow over a mile to windward. She went about on the starboard tack at 3.35, holding it just a minute,



"VIGILANT": THE DEFENDER OF THE AMERICA CUP.

when she made another hitch and stood for the mark, rounding it at 3.37.

Valkyrie's immaculate spinnaker blossomed like a lily from the forward hatch one minute and ten seconds later as she headed for home with not enough wind to keep the wrinkles out of her sails. It was noticeable that when *Valkyrie* tacked she was only twenty seconds in stays. This is excellent time in a light air.

Vigilant went about somewhat sluggishly at 3.45 o'clock. On the port tack it was half a minute from the time her sails shivered until she filled again. She tacked again at 3.55 o'clock, and five minutes later tacked for the mark, which she rounded at 4.3. Breaking out her balloon jib-topsail, setting it well toward starboard, it seemed to do her more good than the spinnaker of the *Valkyrie*. A few minutes after the American's big head-sail began to wing her, she set a large forestaysail, which seemed to accelerate her pace somewhat. *Valkyrie* also had her balloon jib topsail set, but her spinnaker took all the wind and killed its usefulness.

When the reporters' tug came up abeam of the English boat she seemed to be barely moving. She took in her spinnaker at 4.20 o'clock and imitated her rival by setting her white silken balloon jib.

Valkyrie Led, but "No Race."

There was help in the breeze for *Vigilant* now. She had turned the outer mark 26 min. and 20 sec. after *Valkyrie*. Before the latter was three miles on her way back to the lightship *Vigilant* had cut down her rival's lead—so it was conjectured—by nearly ten minutes.

It soon became apparent that only half a gale could drive the racers home in time to finish within the six-hour limit, and nothing short of a miracle could make a gale come out of the misty breezeless sky. It was not necessary for the flagship to set signals indicating that the race was off. The skippers of the racers had known it for half an hour or more. *Vigilant's* head-sails were taken in, and the tug *Commander* came along and gave her a line. Then *Valkyrie's* balloon jib and staysail vanished under deck, and the big iron tug *Luckenbach* took her in tow and brought her to her anchorage off Bayridge.

Nothing was demonstrated by the unfinished contest, if it may be dignified by the name, except that *Valkyrie* seems to be a swift boat in windward work in placid weather, and that *Vigilant*, contrary to general expectation and the experience of preceding Cup defenders, is a trifle better than the Englishman before light airs.

INTERNATIONAL CRITICISMS ON THE MATCH.

The feature of the race was the exhibition of skill by the British seamen in the "jockeying" for position before the preliminary signal was given. The honours were all with *Valkyrie*. At the sound of the gun both boats headed around for the line, *Valkyrie* lying fair on the weather quarter of her opponent. In this position she forced the sloop over the line, and then, with every thread set, sailed into her wake, and blanketed her completely at no greater distance than two ships' lengths. The manœuvre aroused the enthusiasm of every sailor-man who saw the race.

MR. G. L. WATSON, DESIGNER OF "VALKYRIE."

Three miles down the course the wind, which had held northerly, was seen to be coming out of the south-east. The American skipper, in his haste to take advantage of this, got in spinnaker and balloon jib too quickly. *Valkyrie* held fast all, and while yet the spectators were gazing in wonder had overhauled the sloop. As she forged forward on the starboard quarter of the American the breeze from the south-east arrived, and then, with consummate skill, the proper shifts in the sails were made in such a way as to shut off the wind entirely from the sloop. While *Valkyrie* continued on what then seemed to be a victorious career, *Vigilant* was left in irons stern-on to the wind, the laughing stock of all experienced spectators. The fluke that brought disaster to the American crew was made, by the skill of the British seamen, the means of leaving their competitor almost hull down astern when the turn was reached.

The American yachtsmen were astonished to find that their boat was, if anything, a trifle faster before a light air, when they had expected *Valkyrie* to beat them, and, on the other hand, when close hauled in the same weight of wind *Valkyrie* proved the better by, perhaps, one minute per mile. Even the most prejudiced of the American yachtsmen concede to-night that *Valkyrie* is a very dangerous craft.

Lord Dunraven's Opinion.

Valkyrie's anchor was scarcely down when Lord Dunraven boarded a naphtha launch and went at once to the Atlantic Yacht Club house for dinner. He was accompanied by Lord Wolverton, Mr. Watson (the designer), and Mr. Ratsey. In response to a *Pall Mall Gazette* representative's question, Lord Dunraven said that he did not think to-day's race was a fair test for either boat, and that it was impossible to give an opinion which would be worth anything about a race sailed under such unfavourable conditions. Further, that he had a very pleasant drift, and he seemed pleased that *Valkyrie* had shown up so well in a light wind.

Mr. Watson confirmed Lord Dunraven's remarks, and said that their outing was no test at all. When asked if the excursion steamers had bothered them much, he replied, "No, not so much as I expected. They shut the wind off from us at times, but the luck was about equal in that respect."

He added that nothing was proved by to-day's race. "What can you say about a race sailed in such a paltry breeze?" he asked.

The Hon. William Kerr, Lord Dunraven's representative on *Vigilant*, arrived a few moments later with Dr. W. Barton Hopkins, the owner of *Gloriana*, and one of the members of the Morgan-Iselin syndicate. Mr. Kerr said that he had enjoyed himself immensely on *Vigilant*, and that he was sorry the race had turned out a fizzle.

An American Estimate.

"What do I think of *Vigilant*?" he continued. "Why, she is a splendid boat. It is all nonsense to draw a comparison of the two boats on to-day's performances. Why, there was no wind worth speaking of, and it was not a race in any sense of the word. I hope we will have more wind next time, and then we may be able to tell something about it."

Mr. Iselin and his friends were taken off by a tug before *Vigilant* came to anchor. Captain Hansen said that he did not think to-day's race showed anything. "There was no wind worth speaking of, and then we got becalmed."

When asked if they had not made an error in judgment in paying-off when the wind shifted to the southward, and if they should not have luffed as *Valkyrie* did, he replied, "Well, I will let other people do the talking about that. We did not go into the doldrums for the fun of the thing."

Martin Lyons, the pilot of *Valkyrie*, said the English champion was a great boat, and he added that he never saw a boat better handled.

Saturday's contest will be eagerly awaited, as the public appetite is intensely keen.

MR. TOM MANN AND HOLY ORDERS.

The statement published yesterday that Mr. Tom Mann, the Labour leader, is an accepted candidate for deacon's orders in the Church of England, is premature. In an interview with a Press representative Mr. Mann explained that though for some weeks past he has been considering the question of taking a position in the Church he has as yet come to no decision on the matter, and it is likely to be a week or two longer before he makes up his mind. He has been strongly urged by many of his friends to take holy orders, but he will not do so if the act should in any way impair his usefulness in the labour world. He is, therefore, anxious not to come to a hasty decision. It is not accurate, he says, to state that he has a "title" to the curacy of a large and important parish, but he knows that if he desires to take orders a position of the kind indicated will be found for him in a parish which at present he is not at liberty to name.

A SCENE AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

At the Church Congress at Birmingham yesterday, the Rev. J. L. Lyne known as Father Ignatius, created a disturbance. The Rev. C. Gore was to be one of the readers of papers upon the relation of the Church of England to other bodies of Christians; and as the meeting assembled papers were distributed denouncing Mr. Gore as a man who denied the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures. On that gentleman rising to read his paper, Mr. Lyne advanced to protest against his being heard. The Bishop of Worcester, who presided, requested Mr. Lyne to take his seat, ruling that he was out of order. Mr. Lyne refused to obey, and for a considerable time great confusion prevailed. Several times later Mr. Lyne renewed his efforts to speak, and the police were sent for. Ultimately he yielded to the representations of the Mayor that the direction of the meeting was in the absolute discretion of the Bishop in the chair.

THE LAST OF THE WORLD'S WATER SHOW.

AN INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON.

Before October is barely half over the World's Water Show will have closed its doors. On the 14th of this month—according to present arrangements—Earl's Court will no longer resound with the tuneful harmonies of military bands, or the shrill cries of shooters of the famous "chutes." Explosions will cease to shake the neighbourhood, and the warriors who now figure in aquatic warfare will every evening doff their rubber attire and settle down for the winter to more peaceable occupations. The chill breezes which are the harbingers of winter are beginning to send us seeking for covert coats, and Boyton's swimmers are already experiencing a species of teeth chattering when they are not actually in the water.

Round at the back of the show (writes a *Pall Mall* interviewer) stands the Captain's cosy little office. It was here that I found the American skipper, when I called on him the other morning, busy with his correspondence.

"It's mail day, you see," he explained, as he laid down his pen to receive me, "and you can make a guess at the magnitude of my correspondence."

On opening the ball with a question regarding the "business" which the show has done, Captain Boyton promptly set my mind at ease on that score.

"It has been," he said, "from first to last an unequivocal success. Even now, people are crowding in to have a last look at us, and the 'chutes' are as busy as ever."

"What are your future arrangements?"—"Well, we have not actually decided on anything, but in all probability we shall open next spring in Antwerp, Paris, and Australia. My future movements will depend upon my mind pretty considerably just now. You see, this show has been more of an experiment than anything else, and it has proved so successful that I think it is capable of almost infinite development. The Water Show, as you remark, is quite in its infancy at the present day. If, as I devoutly hope will be the case, it is ever opened in this country again, it will be altogether a different kind of spectacle. While retaining the present features, which have proved very popular, there will be numerous additions and a variety of novel attractions which have never yet been set before the public."

"You hope to make a quantity of liquid Barnum's, I suppose?"—"Exactly. To show you that this is really my object I may mention that I have agents who are travelling all over the world in order to find aquatic curiosities. They are visiting Japan, the South Sea Islands, Africa, and other parts of the globe with instructions to collect material for my Water Show. They will bring back with them numerous native divers, curious native boats, and marine curiosities of every kind. Then, too, I am trying to get some dancers from the islands in the Pacific Ocean. These prints will give you an idea of their performances."

Saying which Captain Boyton led me to a side-table, and spread out before my astonished gaze a quantity of pictures representing the dances—weird, uncanny, terpsichorean exercises, in all conscience—of uncivilized folk in the out-of-the-way corners of the earth. Sketches there were, too, of cannibal carnivals and aboriginal "beanfeasts." These, Captain Boyton explained, will, he hopes, be among the attractions of the future World's Water Show.

After this my host showed me a variety of plans, indicating the positions to be occupied by his show in Continental and Antipodean cities.

"It is just possible," he said, "that the show will be going on next year in England, on the Continent, and in Australia. Now that we have experimented successfully, there is no reason why we need stick to one place. I shall probably send one company to the other side of the world, another to Paris, another to Madrid, another to Antwerp, and another to England. However, that is a matter for future arrangement. Of course I can get supernumeraries, such as ballet-girls, clowns, &c., wherever the show goes to. We are sending the Indian people over to Nova Scotia for the winter. I have made arrangements to take over many of the natives who are performing at the Chicago Exhibition. At Paris we shall probably pitch our tent in the Boulevard Clichy, and at Antwerp in the Exhibition Grounds."

It may interest people to hear that ever since the Water Show started, a special staff of boatbuilders has been employed every day in overhauling and repairing the boats used in "shooting the chutes." There are ten of these curiously-shaped vessels, and their work is of such an arduous nature that their bottoms are constantly in need of repair. What with these and other items connected with the aquatic entertainment, the expenses have been very heavy. For some time no water ran down the "chutes," owing to the leaky nature of the platform on which the "chutes" are erected, and other causes which would require a technical explanation to set forth properly.

"As regards accidents," said Captain Boyton, "we have been extremely fortunate. With the exception of one or two trifling mishaps, everything has gone smoothly. Many people know, of course, that I was drowned, but it was not during 'business hours,' and he was not one of my regular staff, as the papers reported. He was employed about the place, and he had been warned not to bathe. But he disregarded these cautious injunctions, went in by himself, got the cramp, and was a dead man before any one had time to rescue him. I always endeavour to take every precaution, every performance, and I am always on the look out. After going through the season so safely, it would be a pity if anything occurred now to spoil our record, so I am as vigilant as ever in my attendance."

"You have had some famous visitors, too?"—"Yes, I myself steered a boat down the 'chutes' which contained the King and Queen of Denmark, the Tsarevitch, one of the Prince of Wales's daughters, Prince Henry of Prussia, and another scion of royalty. That was a precious boatload. No, M. Zola did *not* go down the 'chutes,' although he came with many other journalists the other day and witnessed the performance. Then we have had plenty of society leaders, Cabinet Ministers, and celebrities of every kind."

"Will not the moving of your Water Show be an undertaking of some magnitude?"—"Yes, I'm afraid it will; but we have arranged everything in connection with that. Our new steel and composite "chutes" can be easily taken to pieces and removed from one place to another."

"With regard to yourself, Captain Boyton, shall you continue your marine exploits and wanderings?"—"No, I don't think so. I'm not so young as I was, and I've had about enough of it. I have been in such lonely places that I was glad even to see the stump of a tree that had been cut down, for then I knew that some human being had been there before me. I have roamed and paddled about over so many thousands of miles that now I am glad to settle down to an ordinary existence. I shall be very busy this winter with my Continental shows. I hope to set up, as I said before, at Paris, Antwerp, and Madrid, and in the colonies."

Some idea of the engineering difficulties which had to be surmounted in the construction of the Water Show may be conceived when one realizes the nature of the undertaking. The average level of the bottom of the lake is twelve feet above that of the railway tracks which encompass the arena on every side. The construction of the show was carried out under the direction of Mr. Alfred Allen, A.M.I.C.E., the well-known engineer and architect. This experimental season has served to indicate to Captain Boyton that in the near future the Water Show will be as familiar an institution in civilized countries as the circus is to-day. The show has also been utilized for swimming races, &c.

"But save me," said Boyton, with a shudder, "from any more lady championship races. Those ladies who competed here the other day almost worried me to death. They weren't a bit satisfied with the result. They came round me like bees, disputed, clamoured, and made an awful hullabaloo. Ever since then they have been challenging, counter-challenging, and defying each other. I may run a Water Show, but never again will I have anything to do with ladies' swimming matches!"

TWO MILLIONS A YEAR IN ADVERTISING.

The members of the London Billposters' Protection Association dined last night at the Holborn, and on the conclusion of the after proceedings Mr. T. H. Bolton, M.P., made a speech, in which he pointed out the evils of over regulation and fussy legislation in regard to the commercial life of the people. In this connection, and as showing the importance of a trade which was being harassed by faddists, the chairman of the evening, Mr. Walter Hill, remarked that he had recently dined in the same building with a number of gentlemen, not a very large party, whose combined expenditure upon advertising exceeded two millions per year. Of this amount the newspaper press absorbed a considerable proportion, and it was only in consequence of that expenditure that the daily paper as we know it was enabled to be produced. The total of trade represented by this subordinate item of expenditure must be enormous, and was surely entitled to consideration; yet advertisers generally and the billposters in particular were threatened with pains and penalties in order to effect their suppression. It had been quickly stated that a bill had been framed, and would be presented to the next session of Parliament, the direct aim of which, as disclosed by some of its outspoken supporters, was to harass and tax the billposters out of existence. He was sure, however, that such a measure would never be allowed to pass.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, temporarily absent from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

A PARISIAN HORROR.

WIFE MURDERED THROUGH JEALOUSY.

There is no longer any mystery about the murder of Madame Dally or Daly, as she is now called, says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. The perpetrator of the deed in the Rue Bouchardon, near the Porte Saint Martin, has been discovered in the person of the woman's husband, who was supposed to be so overcome with horror and grief when, on returning home from his work last Tuesday evening, he stumbled on the prostrate corpse of his wife. Daly first told the Juge d'Instruction that on leaving the printing-office in which he was foreman he went straight home, was surprised to see no light in his rooms, and found a key in the door. Entering his residence, he went to the kitchen, lighted a lamp, and on looking round for the concierge, gave the door of the bedroom. He then ran down stairs and gave the alarm to the concierge, who sent for the police. Later on the concierge and his wife were examined, the latter—Mdme. Oubriot—giving some startling evidence. She stated that Daly's appearance and

CONDUCT ON THE EVENING OF THE CRIME APPEARED SUSPICIOUS.

He generally returned home from work in his printer's blouse, but on Tuesday evening he came back in his Sunday clothes. She had, nevertheless, seen him go out in his blouse after his midday meal. The question was, had he, unseen by the concierge, gone back to his rooms at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and then dressed himself in his Sunday suit. Inspector Jaumé was also impressed by the fact that Daly steadfastly refused to enter the room where his wife's body was lying covered with a cloth. Under the pretext that he wanted to note down in writing the number of a watch missing from among numerous articles of jewellery also said that Daly with him to the police-station in the Passage du Désir. There the printer was told to sit down, and hardly had he done so when M. Jaumé, looking him straight in the face, said,

"IT WAS YOU WHO MURDERED YOUR WIFE!"

Daly grew pale, but protested his innocence, whereupon M. Jaumé said that he would bring him face to face with his employer, who would speak as to his absence from the workshop on the evening of the crime. A policeman, named Boulet, was then told to take charge of Daly, and eventually wrung a confession from the culprit, who, bursting into tears, said that he had murdered his wife because she deceived him. M. Goron and the Juge d'Instruction—M. Espinas—were at once wired for, and on their arrival Daly again repeated his confession of guilt. He said that on Tuesday evening he received a letter informing him that his wife was waiting for a lover, whereupon he ran home, tried to make her admit that he had a rival, and in a sudden access of jealous fury, when she cried out, "Yes! I do love somebody else! I have had enough of you! I hate you!" he smote her with a heavy candlestick and literally

BATTERED THE LIFE OUT OF HER BODY.

After she was dead he washed his hands, changed his clothes, and so arranged the wardrobe and chest of drawers as to make people believe that the deed was done by burglars. Daly also said that before murdering his wife he kissed his baby, which was crying in its cradle. The magistrates who conducted the investigations do not believe in the imputations of the man against his wife, who is said to have been a very hard-working well-conducted woman. The murderer is a robust man of about twenty-eight, and is a Lieutenant in the Artillery of the Reserve. The employer of the man whom Daly accused of being his rival indignantly denies the accusation against his subordinate, who he says is a married man of excellent conduct, and was never alone with Mdme. Daly in his life.

ANARCHIST ARREST IN PARIS.

The Anarchist lawyer, alias Lagarde, who escaped to England last January, was arrested yesterday in Paris in the Rue des Petits-Champs. A subsequent search at his lodgings led to the discovery of some chemicals which have been sent for analysis to the laboratory of the Prefecture of Police.

SHOCKING DISCOVERY AT WIMBLEDON.

The local police are investigating a strange discovery at Wimbledon. Whilst some men were at work on one of the receiving tanks at the sewage farm, they discovered the decomposed body of a child. The body was taken out of the tank, but before the responsible authorities were aware of the discovery the employers had covered it with lime, and thrown the putrid heap into one of the large furrances used at the farm.

PRESENTATION OF A CHURCH SITE BY THE QUEEN.

The dedication service of a new church in Pointon Fen, Lincolnshire, took place on Wednesday evening; the Queen, as lay impropriator, contributed £100 towards the cost of the building, and also gave the site. Prior to its erection, the people of an extensive fen district were practically without Church privileges. The Ven. Archdeacon Kaye, of Lincoln, conducted the inaugural ceremony.

FATAL FALL OF A DRUNKEN MAN.

An Ashford telegram says that last night a man named Collard, whilst in an intoxicated condition, fell into a well nearly fifty feet deep at Coolham. The body has been recovered.

TWO LADIES KILLED IN A CARRIAGE ACCIDENT.

Through two vehicles colliding on Dunstan Hill, Tunbridge Wells, two ladies, named Miss Hoad and Mrs. Kemp, have lost their lives. The accident was due to a runaway horse.

THE PENTONVILLE TRAGEDY.

The condition of Daisy Edwards, *alias* Sinclair, the victim of the Pentonville shooting tragedy, who lies in the Royal Free Hospital, was yesterday evening stated to be most satisfactory, and the prospects of her ultimate recovery are favourable. Notwithstanding her continued reticence as to the identity and antecedents, it is understood that, in consequence of a visit of a friend to the injured woman yesterday, a clue has been obtained as to her friends, and although the inquiries now in progress with a view to find the relatives must occupy some considerable time, it is expected that all inquiry regarding the young woman will be speedily cleared up.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN AMERICA.

In an interview last evening Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., who had just arrived at New York, said he was not prepared to make any statement in reply to the speech which Mr. Gladstone recently delivered at Edinburgh, a report of which he had received at the last moment prior to sailing from Queenstown. With regard to the state of parties, however, he expressed his belief that should Mr. Gladstone appeal to the country on his Home Rule policy, he will be defeated by a majority of at least a hundred. On this side, Mr. Chamberlain remarked, had turned, and public opinion at the present moment was strongly in favour of the Unionists. He was convinced that the House of Lords, in throwing out the Home Rule Bill, represented a majority of the electors, and that consequently the Upper Chamber had greatly strengthened its position by its action on this occasion. With respect to Mr. Gladstone personally, the magnificent exhibition of physical and intellectual vigour of which he had given proof during the late session was unparalleled, and had commanded the admiration of all. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, appeared to be much stronger than when (Mr. Chamberlain) was a member of the right hon. gentleman's cabinet in 1886, and there was no man in the present House of Commons who could pretend to be his equal. Mr. Chamberlain added that he did not know whether Mr. Gladstone would introduce a distinctly new measure on the Irish question. He declined to attempt to fathom Mr. Gladstone's mind on the subject. Referring afterwards to the Silver Question, Mr. Chamberlain declared himself opposed to everything which would supersede a gold standard. The English people, he observed, would, however, have no objection to the experiment of free coinage being tried by America, seeing that the expense would fall on that country.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

The Duke and Duchess of York yesterday visited York, where a public holiday was observed in honour of the occasion. Passing through the streets, which were decorated, to the Mansion House, the Royal couple were welcomed by the Lord Mayor, and the Duke was presented with the freedom of the city, which he suitably acknowledged. The marriage gifts from the city and from Sheffield were subsequently presented. After being entertained at luncheon in the Guildhall, the Duke and Duchess proceeded to the new free library, which his Royal Highness formally declared open. The Royal visitors afterwards drove through the principal streets of the city, and attended service in the Minster.

The 4.53 A.M. Ostend boat has put back to Ostend. The reason is not at present known. There will be no boat from Ostend till this afternoon.

The Council of University College, London, will award a prize of £15 for proficiency in Italian, if not fewer than five students have attended the classes through about the session which begins next week.

SUICIDE OF A HOSPITAL NURSE.

THE USE OF MORPHINE.

Last evening, at the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, Mr. C. Luxmore Drew held an inquiry concerning the death of Adeline Maud Finch, aged twenty-eight years, a sister of mercy and nurse at the above institution, who died from an injection of morphine on Monday. Edith Wright, housemaid at the hospital, deposed that on Monday morning at half-past seven she found deceased foaming at the mouth. She breathed heavily three times and died. Sergeant Adie, the coroner's officer, said that a bottle of carbolic acid, a bottle of chloroform, and a hypodermic syringe were found in the deceased's room. Miss Eveline Maria Finch, sister of the deceased, deposed that on Sunday afternoon she visited her sister and found her quiet and cheerful but restless. Witness asked her how she was getting on, and she replied that she had been worried, but was better. The deceased was not engaged, and there was no trouble of that sort; but witness

KNEW SHE HAD AN ATTACHMENT.

The Coroner: Did that cause her anxiety?—No, just the opposite, she was quite happy in that respect. Witness knew she was not in the habit of injecting morphia, although during the summer she suffered from sleeplessness. The following letter had been addressed to witness:—"Foulis, Sept. 27, 1893. My dear Evie,—My best wishes for a happy future. This step seems inevitable. I cannot do right; I will not do wrong. Remember that this is not due to any body's attitude to me, and keep the confidence I have given you. Do not reproach by the smallest thought, much less words, any one I may have mentioned to you. Everybody has been too kind and good to me. Keep silence as to what I may have impatiently said. The goodness of other people's lives has discouraged me. I cannot fight and be good too. Shall love you always. Good-bye. God bless you. I am to have another chance.—Always loving you for your love and sympathy, ADA." Miss Finch added that

HER SISTER WAS VERY RELIGIOUS,

and frequently had long conversations with the clergyman. When a death took place in her ward it seemed to prey on her mind. One of the physicians at the hospital, whose name did not transpire, said there had never been fault found with the deceased, and that she was a most careful nurse in every respect. Dr. Herbert Stanley Ballance, resident medical officer, said he had no doubt that death was due to poisoning by the injection of morphia. A Juror: Do you think the deceased took it to send her to sleep? Dr. Ballance: The syringe was used three times, and each held two grains and a half. A grain had been known to kill (Sensation.) The jury returned a verdict of suicide whilst in a state of temporary insanity.

A RUSSIAN VICEROYALTY IN ASIA.

THE SCHEME FAVOURED AT ST. PETERSBURG.

The rumours concerning the alleged intention of the Russian Government to establish a separate administration for the provinces of Central Asia are in their present form misleading. The facts, says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, are as follows:—For many months past the extreme Slavophile or Pan-Russian party, which has but few representatives in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, has been zealously advocating the official addition to the Emperor's titles of that of "Emperor of Asia," or, at least, of Central Asia.

TO BE MODELLED SIMILAR TO THE CAUCASUS.

This absurdity having found no responsive echo anywhere, was succeeded by the proposal that Russian Central Asia should be erected into a viceroyalty, as the Caucasus was some years ago under the Grand Duke Michael, the viceroy to be invested with exceptionally large discretionary powers, within the broad limits of a general programme, and the administration to be as complete practically independent of St. Petersburg. The Viceroy's task would be the perfecting of the consolidation of Central Asia, combined with the exhaustive study of the resources and weak points of Persia, India, and Afghanistan, and the adoption of all needful measures to keep Russia well prepared for those serious contingencies which, however remote, are regarded by every officer as inevitable and desirable. Central Asia would thus be rendered as effective a basis for offensive operations in the East as Poland has become for defence in the West.

THE TSAR NOT FAVOURABLE TO THE SCHEME.

This idea, which emanates from military men whose knowledge of the provinces and whose technical skill are universally admitted to be much superior to their mental judgment, has now been embodied in a written project which is likely to be confirmed by the Emperor, however, is believed to dislike the idea as a whole; and, although he may ultimately be induced to give his sanction to some such scheme, considerably modifying the present system of administration in Central Asia, with a view to prepare for all contingencies, he will not consent to any measure which would make any of his subjects, even a member of his own family, the arbiter of war and peace. But on the other hand it is quite possible that any relation of the central control, however carefully hedged with restrictions, might suddenly result in a foolish freak like that by which General Komaroff embarrassed the Cabinets of Europe. This is why some of the coolest heads refuse to countenance the scheme, which is said to be approved by the Under-Secretary for War (General Obrutscheff), and also, if less warmly, by the War Minister himself.

A MEDICAL MAN'S LOSSES.

At an inquest held yesterday, at the Mile-end Vestry-hall, on the body of Emma Hughes, a widow, of 15, Ocean-street, Mile-end, who had been suddenly taken ill, and died on Monday last, a juror inquired whether it was right for a doctor to refuse medicine when he had been called to the case.—The Coroner: I take it that a doctor has a perfect right to refuse, the same as any one else, to give anything without payment. The country provides a doctor free. The Doctor: I was not aware that the woman who refused a bottle of medicine until one o'clock. I did not refuse it; my dispenser did. The Coroner: In this case it doesn't appear that it would have made any difference, as the poor woman died of apoplexy. The Juror: It might have done. The Coroner: You know that doctors are frequently called out and get no remuneration whatever. The doctor said that it was the rule in all surgeries in the neighbourhood not to give medicine without payment. His average losses per week for the two years ending December last were nearly £1. If he had known that Mrs. Hughes had not the money he might have broken the rule.—The jury returned a verdict of natural death, the coroner remarking that he had often advocated the calling in of the nearest doctor, the parish paying if the patient was unable to do so.

THIS MORNING'S WEATHER REPORTS.

AT 8 O'CLOCK.—Newhaven, W., fine morning, sea moderate, temp. 54; Ryde, S.W., fine morning, sea moderate, 54; Worthing, fine morning, sea moderate, 55; Shanklin, S.W., fine morning, sea moderate; Eastbourne, S.W., fine morning, sea moderate; Hastings, W.S.W., lovely, sea rough; Barmouth, E., bright, sea smooth; Margate, temp. 52, bar. 29.47 rising, wind S.W., bright sunshine; Aberystwyth, S.W., fine, sea calm; Cromer, W., wet, bar. 29.20, steady; Lowestoft, W., cloudy, bar. 29.5, steady; Harwich, fine; Bournemouth, S.W., fine; Ilfracombe, E., wet, sea moderate; Plymouth, N., fine, sea smooth; Penzance, N.W., cloudy, sea smooth; Torquay, W., fine, sea smooth; Weston-super-Mare, N., cloudy, sea smooth; Weymouth, W., fine, sea moderate; New Milford, N., fine, sea calm.

AT 9.30 A.M.—Boulogne, clear and fine, temp. 56; Berne, fine, some clouds, 56; Calais, overcast, 53; Ihenne Macolin, dull, mild, 53; Paris, cloudy, 54; Brunig dull, but fine, 55; Cannes-sur-Montreux, fine, some clouds, 54; Geneva, clear and fine, 54; Neuchatel, warm sunshine, 56; Ostend, overcast, 54; Brussels, dull, but fine, 56; Rome, overcast, 71; Zermatt, fine, some clouds, 48; Folkestone, 52; Baden-Baden, fine, some clouds, 57.

TO-MORROW'S MAILS AND SHIP LETTERS.

MAILS TO BE DESPATCHED.—Morning: To United States, &c., via Southampton; Supplementary Mails to Grand Canary, Cape Verd Islands, Brazil, Monte Video, and Buenos Ayres; to Lisbon; to Madeira, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, &c., via Southampton; to St. Helena and Ascension (via mails). Evening: To United States, Canada, Bahamas, Mexico, Belize, Antinique, Guadeloupe, Venezuela, Republic of Colombia, Pacific, &c., by French packet.

MAILS DUE.—None.

PRIVATE SHIP LETTERS.—The *Siddons*, from Liverpool for Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, and Rosario; the *Yucatan*, from Liverpool for Barbadoes, Trinidad, Guayra, Porte Cabello, Curacoa, Savanilla, and Carthagena; —, from Southampton, for Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Natal, and Delagoa Bay; —, from Southampton for Inhambane, Beira, Chinde, Quillimane, Mozambique, and Zanzibar; the *Hanza*, *Sultan*, *Flamingo*, or *Sprite*, from Hull for Hamburg; the *Albert*, *Edith*, *Szoift*, or *Leona*, from Hull for Rotterdam; the *Seahorse* or *Europæa*, from Hull for Amsterdam; —, from Hull for Gothenburg; —, from Southampton for Cherbourg.

[Letters intended to be sent by private ship must be specially addressed "By Private Ship," and it by a particular ship its name must be added.]

CITY NOTES.

THE NEW SOUTH WALES SUCCESS.

Most people will rejoice with the New South Wales Government that the colony has so far re-established her credit as to have commanded a reception to her loan which may almost be called brilliant. Only the villifyers hang back sulkily. The details of the result of the tendering we gave yesterday. In offering the issue at £98 10s. the colony stated her hope that she would obtain par. She obtained an average of £100 11s. 11d. In connection with this it is satisfactory to learn that New South Wales is progressing with her promised financial reform. In the Legislative Assembly yesterday the second reading of the Public Debt and Sinking Fund Bill was moved by Sir George Dibbs, the Premier. The debate was continued until eleven o'clock, and then adjourned until after the financial statement, which is expected to be made on Wednesday week. There is another bit of colonial financial news to-day which is not so encouraging. It is to the effect that the Victorian Government intends to apply for power to raise £1,250,000 by Treasury Bills, in order to cover the accrued deficit to the end of the first financial year. This step, we are told, has been decided upon merely as a precautionary measure in case the money should be required; but people will look askance at these further powers. We trust that every effort is being made to adopt a policy of abstention from all kinds of borrowing. It would be a pity if the colonies were to appear to take undue advantage of the present favourable disposition of the market.

THE RISE IN CHARTERREDS.

The efforts which operators in the Kaffir market are making to bring about a better state of affairs in their department are quite heroic. So far, however, there is no evidence of a demand by the public, the bidding being entirely professional. Still, prices are low and shares are scarce, and should the dealers be able to keep up the market for a time the public would very probably want to have a hand in the game. The case of Charterreds, however, is a special one. As we mentioned in our later editions yesterday, there is a rumour in circulation that the rise in the shares is being engineered by a syndicate with the view of putting the price up to 25s. Should they be successful in doing this an issue of 250,000 shares would be made at par to the shareholders, which issue it is thought would probably be successful under those conditions. The company's need of money is, according to this, the reason of the rise.

THE MEXICAN POOL RUMOURS.

Rumours are like a rolling snowball rather than a rolling stone. They do gather as they go. We were able a day or two ago to publish an official denial of the rumour that the disruption of the Mexican Railway pool was probable. There are other rumours, however, of an exactly opposite nature with which it is necessary to deal. For instance, it has been said that "representatives of the Mexican Inter-Oceanic and the Mexican Central Railway are now reported to be in London for the purpose of discussing the question of consolidating the pool among Mexican railways and of raising rates if possible." We were able in our later editions yesterday to state that in one respect at least there is no foundation for this report. We are informed that the Mexican representative of the Inter-Oceanic Railway of Mexico is *not* in this country at the present time. The report probably arises from the fact that, as stated in the circular lately issued to the debenture-holders of the company, application is being made for authority to raise the rates in accordance with the terms of the concession.

THE FORTHCOMING FRENCH CONVERSION.

PARIS, Friday.—The *Autorité* to-day states that the project for the conversion of the French Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Rente is being examined by the Government in consultation with the committee of Paris stockbrokers.

M. Peytral, Minister of Finance, in an interview with a representative of the *Echo*, is reported as having denied that the proposed conversion would reduce the capital income of the French Four-and-a-half Per Cent. Rente by one-third. The Government, he added, would endeavour to bear in mind the interests of the stockholders within prudent limits.

The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres is 243 per cent., an advance of two points being recorded in the quotation to-day.

Silver bars stand at 35⅞d. and dollars at 35¼d.

The proposed Italian bank amalgamation has been finally sanctioned by the shareholders of the three institutions.

There is a powerful movement within the Northern Pacific management to cut off the numerous tributaries of the road which have proved unprofitable.

All the Powers belonging to the Latin Union have agreed to send representatives to the Monetary Conference to be held in Paris on November 9. The question of bi-metallism will not, it is stated, be discussed—for this relief much thanks—nor will any proposal be made for the dissolution of the Union.

The excuse which the Secretary of the Treasury offers for not purchasing the regulation 4,500,000 ounces of silver monthly, in July and August, according to the Sherman Act, is that he could not do so at what he considered a fair market price. By elasticity of judgment Mr. Carlisle is thus able to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act himself. The makeshift will continue until the Act is repealed.

It is said that if Messrs. Speyer refuse to renew the loan to the Reading road, it may be taken over by the Drexels—the loan, not the road. The receivers have paid Messrs. Speyer their interest and commission up to the beginning of this month. It is also stated that the Committee of Bondholders are much more in accord with Mr. Rice's policy than many imagine.

Mr. Chamberlain, in the inevitable interview on his arrival in America, has declared himself opposed to everything which would supersede a gold standard. The English people, he observed, would, however, have no objection to the experiment of silver coinage being tried by America, seeing that the experiment would fall on that country. This exactly sums up the position. America, however, is not likely to accept the unnecessary permission which Mr. Chamberlain so generously offers her.

BANK STATEMENTS.—The following are the principal items in the monthly bank balance-sheets to the end of September now being published:—

	Liabilities to Public.	Cash in Hand, &c.	Cash at Call, &c.	Investments.	Discounts and Advances.
National Provincial	£ 41,615,783	£ 10,000,000	£ 2,667,219	£ 15,365,191	£ 20,007,516
Parr's & Glyn's	7,052,000	1,760,551	477,992	1,667,261	6,052,307
Lloyds	25,510,012	4,000,000	1,000,000	7,000,000	17,000,000
Union of London	24,470,012	4,000,000	2,035,252	5,000,007	15,370,538
London & Westminster	12,216,852	2,500,334	1,000,000	3,500,000	10,000,000
London Joint Stock	9,000,000	2,000,000	2,000,000	3,500,093	10,443,655
London & Midland	11,916,651	2,000,000	2,755,000	2,045,575	6,344,252
London & Western	9,000,000	2,000,000	2,000,000	2,000,000	9,011,860
Do.	2,753,957	512,144	327,000	800,317	2,417,000

MONEY AND STOCKS ABROAD.

NEW YORK.—The Stock Exchange yesterday opened steady, and continued without much movement throughout the day. The following is a statement of the principal opening and closing quotations:—

	Closing Quotation, yesterday.	Opening Quotation, to-day.	Movement.		Closing Quotation, yesterday.	Opening Quotation, to-day.	Movement.
Call Money	3 day.	3 day.		New York Central	101⅞	101¾	–⅛
Loan, Loan Deposits	4.85	4.85⅛	—0.00¼	N.Y., Lake Erie & Western	18	18	—
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé	7⅜	7⅜	—	N.Y., Ontario & Western	15⅛	15⅛	—
Do.	7⅜	7⅜	–⅛	Norfolk Preference	21½	20¾	–¾
Do.				North Pacific Pref.	45⅜	45⅜	—
Atchison Shares	19¼	18⅞	–⅜	Ohio and Miss.	14	13¾	–¼
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	79¼	80	+¾	Pennsylvania	54⅜	54⅜	—
Denver & Rio Grande Pref.	29¼	29¼	—	Phil. and Reading	16⅞	17	+⅛
Illinois Central	89	89	—	Union Pacific	33⅛	33⅜	+⅛
Lake Shore	126	126	—	Wabash Pref.	20¼	20¼	—
Louisville	84½	84	–½				

The discount rates now ruling at miscellaneous foreign centres are as follow:—

	Bank Mkt		Bank Mkt		Bank Mkt		Bank Mkt
Hamburg	3	4	Amsterdam	3	3½	Madrid	4½
Berlin	3	4½	Rome	5	5	Lisbon	6
Vienna	3	4½	St. Petersburg	5	5	Lisbon	4
Frankfort	3	4	Madrid	5	4½	Melbourne	7½
Calcutta	10	10	Bombay		4		

The following are the latest rates of exchange quoted at miscellaneous English centres on London:—

Amsterdam, short	12.08	Rio Janeiro, 90 days	Calcutta trans. 1/31-32
Amsterdam, 90 days	12.23	B. Ayres, 90 days 47½ £	Bombay trans. 1/3
Hamburg	20.52½	Hong Kong, 4 mos. 2/3½	Shanghai, 4 mos. 2/3½
Lisbon	20.52	Valparaiso 90 days 1/5 3-16	Singapore, 4 mos. 2/3½
Vienna	12.40	Milan, 60 days ½% disct.	Lima
Copenhagen, 4 mos.	18.56.6	Constantinople, 8 mos.	

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers contemplating a visit to EASTBOURNE may have this SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS from ALL PARTS of the UNITED KINGDOM, forwarded DAILY to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for the period on the following terms, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

MONEY AND STOCKS.

Twelve o'clock.

COLONIALS CONTINUE STRONG.—YANKEES RETURN TO WEAKNESS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Money is only in a very quiet demand, and there has been a further relapse in rates to-day. It would be foolish, however, to regard the present condition of ease as anything but temporary. There are signs all round that our gold will be taken abroad now that it can be obtained so easily, and it seems extremely unlikely that the present cheapness of money will continue for long.

The following are the latest loan and discount rates, the Bank rate standing at 3 per cent.:—

Loans.	Deposits: Two Months.	Three Months.	Four Months.	Six Months.
Day.	Bank	1½	1½	1½
7 Day	Discounters	1½	1½	2

THE STOCK MARKETS.

Next Contango Day.	*Ticket Day.*	*Pay Day.*	*Cassels Pay Day.*
Wednesday, Oct. 11.	Thursday, Oct. 12.	Friday, Oct. 13.	Monday, Nov. 6.

Feature is still lacking in the Stock Markets. Consols are unchanged, but Colonials are all firm, Victorian stock not having been affected by the news as to probable further borrowing on Treasury Bills. The Home railway market continues dull and depressed. There has not been much movement, but what there has been is downward, South Eastern Deferred being the only security in the market that has evinced any improvement. Among foreigners Italians still continue to show much weakness, but there is not much to note in regard to the other securities, unless it be that Costa Rica continues to advance. Argentine Government stocks are unchanged but the railways are firm. Americans have returned to weakness, depression being noticeable throughout the list, especially Louisvilles. Prices in the South African mining market are still buoyed up. Tintos have relapsed a little after their yesterday's dividend declaration.

The following shows the latest Stock Exchange quotations, the rise (+) or fall (–) which has taken place to-day, and the approximate return per cent. yielded annually by each security purchased by an investor at its present price:—

Yield	Movement to-day.	Latest Price.	Yield	Movement to-day.	Latest Price.
£ s.			£ s.		
BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.			**AMERICAN RAILROADS.**		
2 13	Canada (2½) May	96½	...	Atchison Shares, –¼	18⅞
...	Do. Account ...	96⅝	...	Do. Bonuses ...	98½
2 13	New Zealand ...	96⅝	6 15	Cent. Pacific Sh.	8⅝
3 19	Local Loans Stock +¼	103⅛	6 11	Chic. Mil. & St. P. –¼	71¾
3 19	Do. Bonds ...	103⅛	nil.	Chic. & N. Western	110
...	Do. 4 per Cents ...	97½	...	Do. Pref. ... –¼	140
3 10	Do. 3 per Cent. Rs.	90⅜	7 18	Do. 2nd Mortg.	123
3 11	Bank of England ...	250	...	Do. Pref. ...	134
2 15	Mx. Rd. Wks. 5 pc.	109	5 4	Illinois Shares ...	99½
2 15	Hong Kong 6 pc.	170	4 15	Lake Shares ... –¼	104½
3 0	Liverpool 3½ pc. +¼	116	7 0	Lake Shore ... –¼	128⅝
			...	Mins. & St. Louis	11⅞
	COLONIAL SECURITIES.		4 10	N. Y. Central ...	101⅝
3 12	Canada 5 pc. Reg.	106	nil.	N. Y. Ontario ...	15¾
3 5	Do. 4 pc. Reg.	96	...	Norfolk W. Pref.	50½
3 9	Cape 3½ pc. Cn.	100⅛	...	North Pacific Pf.	45⅜
3 10	Natal 4 pc. Cn. +¼	104⅛	nil.	Ohio and Miss. ...	14¼
3 10	N.S.W. 4 pc. 1888	104⅜	...	Pennsylvania ...	54⅜
...	Do. 4½ 1st Mtg.	104⅜	...	Phil. & Read. Sh.	16⅞
3 15	N.Z. 4½ Gold Loan	104⅜	...	Do. 4 pc. Gold Bds.	70
4 1	Queensland 5 pc.	100⅛	nil.	Rich. & Dang. Sh. –¼	19¼
3 17	N.S.W. 4 pc. Cy. –¼	102	nil.	Wabash Pref. ...	19¾
3 19	Victoria 4 pc. 1855	102	...	Do. 6 pc. Def. ...	20⅞
4 1	Do. 3½ pc. Cons. +¼	99¼			
				TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.	
			5 8	Anglo-American ...	90
			8 8	Brazil Submarine	11¾
			8 0	Direct U. States ...	11⅝
			4 7	Eastern ...	10⅜
			4 12	Eastern Extension	4⅝
			6 11	National Teleph. +⅛	32
			9 0	Tel. Construc. ...	3⅞
				GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.	
			6 2	Brush ...	22⅜
			5 6	Gas Light Coke A.	22⅞
			5 6	Do. Stock ...	22⅞
			5 6	S. Metropolitan ...	20⅜
			5 6	Do. Pref. ...	20⅜
			6 8	Met. Electric ...	6¾
			4 12	Do. 5 pc. Deb. ...	104
	BRITISH RAILWAYS.			**MINING AND LAND.**	
4 2	Brighton Ord. ...	165	7	Beclamanaad ... –⅛	12⅝
4 10	Do. A. ... –¼	144	3½	Bowden Hill Prop. +⅛	2¾
3 10	Caledonian ...	163½	...	Broken Hill Prop. +⅛	2¾
...	Do. Deferred ...	120½	4 15	Jumper's Gold ...	3¾
nil.	Chatham Ord. ... –¼	19¼	nil.	Kimberley Diamond	1⅜
3 17	Do. Preferred ...	50½	11 15	Mapé Copper ...	3⅛
2 17	Great Eastern ... –⅛	76¼	6 15	Mason and Barry	3⅛
4 6	Gt. North Ord. Def.	92	...	Mashonaland ...	1⅜
4 0	Do. A. ...	93	11 4	Mysore Gold ...	3⅛
3 15	Great Western ...	165¾	nil.	Nundydrug ...	1⅜
...	Hull and Barnsley ... –⅛	28	...	Oceana Land ...	1⅜
3 19	Lanc. and Yorc. ...	160½	11 12	Oregum Gold ...	3⅛
3 17	Metropolitan ...	107	...	Do. Pref. ...	3⅛
nil.	Met. District ...	45¾	5 7	Rio Tinto ... –⅛	14¾
3 17	Midland ...	134¾	...	Rosario ...	1⅜
3 17	North Brit. Pref.	70	...	Seven Stars ...	1⅜
4 3	Do. Def. ... –¼	49½	...	Do. (Gold) ...	1⅜
3 15	North Eastern ... –¼	162¾	...	Silati River ...	1⅜
3 11	North Staffords ...	124½	11 2	Simmer and Jack ...	3⅛
3 10	South Western ...	163¾	10 10	Do. Deferred ...	9⅝
3 19	South Eastern ...	113	...	Stubs ...	14⅜
3 19	Do. Preferred ...	125	...	Tanganyika ...	1⅜
0 0	Do. Deferred ...	...	...	Transvaal Develp.	7⅜
			...	Do. Land ...	3⅛
			...	Wemmer ... +⅛	4⅜
			...	Wentworth Pr. ... –⅛	8¼
			nil.	Do. ... –⅛	8¼
			...	CAKE outpanning	2⅜
	FOREIGN STOCKS.				
7 10	Argentine 5 pc. 1883	61½	3½		
9 2	Do. Funding 4 pc.	64¾	5¾		
...	Do. Cedulas ...	64¾	5¾		
...	Do. ... B	20¾	7¾		
6 19	Brazilian 4½ 1889	69¾	6½		
...	Buenos Ayres 6 pc. 1888	28	6		
...	Do. Consols 7 pc.	8	0		
...	Do. ... F.	0	11¾		
6 16	Bulgarian ...	91½	6½		
5 10	Canadian 1885 ...	11	12		
nil.	Colombian ...	11	12		
10 0	Costa Rica ...	14	20		
11 15	Do. ... B ...	13	4		
5 10	Ecuador, New ...	10	0		
4 19	Egyptian State Dom.	103¾	4		
4 4	Do. Daira ...	102	...		
4 4	Do. New Daira ...	102	...		
4 19	Do. Privileged ...	99¼	11 2		
4 7	French 4½ Rente ...	103¾	4		
4 7	Do. 3 pc. Rentes ...	99	4		
4 7	Hungarian 4 pc. ...	80¾	4		
4 7	Do. Gold Rents ...	92¼	4		
5 0	Italian 5 pc. ... –¼	91	6		
4 19	Mexican 6 pc. Loan	74	8		
nil.	Peruvian ...	21¼	...		
11 ...	Do. Preference ...	21¼	...		
9 0	Do. Debentures ...	21¼	...		
...	Portuguese ...	19¾	5		
4 3	Russian 4 pc. 1889	103¾	4		
5 0	Spanish 4 pc. ...	69¾	5¾		
4 17	Transvaal ...	104	6½		
4 18	Turkish 1865 ...	103½	6½		
4 17	Uniy. A. ...	94¾	6		
4 17	Do. B ...	94¾	6		
4 17	Do. C ...	94¾	6		
4 8	4½ pc. 1874 ...	100	4½		
4 8	Do. Defined '91	100	4½		
...	Uruguy Cn. 3½ pc.	39	8		
6 11	Venezuela ...	39	8		
	COL. AND FOR. RAILWAYS.			**MISCELLANEOUS**	
nil.	B. Ayres & Rosario +2	87	6	Aerated Bread ...	6⅝
nil.	Central Argentine	19¾	10	Allsopps ...	6⅝
nil.	Argentine Centl. +¼	10	5	Bk. of Australasia	20⅝
nil.	Do. Pref. ...	17	20	Bk. of N.S. Wales.	8⅝
...	Do. East ...	99	8	Bovril ...	5⅞
6 9	Canadian Pacific +½	77¾	8	Bryant and May ...	4¼
nil.	Grand Trunk ...	9¾	8	Cable Ord. ...	14⅜
nil.	Do. 1st Pref. ...	31¾	8	Do. Pref. ...	14⅜
nil.	Do. 2nd Pref. ...	14¾	8	Do. Def. ...	14⅜
nil.	Do. 3rd Pref. ... –¼	18¾	19	Eastman's Ord. ...	14⅜
nil.	Do. Guaranteed ... –¼	13⅝	26	Eastman's Copper	14⅜
nil.	Mexican Central ...	68¾	9½	Edmunds's Asbest.	14⅜
4 3	Do. 1st Pref. ...	68¾	9½	Gordon Hotels ...	14⅜
4 3	Do. 2nd Pref. ...	68¾	9½	Hammond & Co. ...	14⅜
0 0	Mexican Central ...	4¾	0	Hand and Hand ...	14⅜
0 0	Mex. Nat. A. ...	4¾	0	Hotel Cecil ...	14⅜
15 12	Nitrate Railways ...	15¾	14¾	Hudson's Bay ...	13⅝
				Lond. & S. A. Dk.	14⅜
				Lyons' Tea ...	14⅜
				Pears ... –¼	6⅝
				Reuter's Ltd. ...	18⅝
				Primitiva Metals	4⅜
				Rio Tinto Copper	14⅜
				Rpl. Mail Steam.	6⅞
			25 14	St. Louis Brew. ...	14⅜
				Do. Union Stock	14⅜
				San Donato ...	14⅜
			12 11	San Paulo ...	14⅜
			14 9	San Paulo ...	14⅜
			7 18	S. Africa Ld. Invst.	6⅝
			7 18	Spratt's Patent ...	6⅝
			8 5	Sutro Canal ...	14⅜
			5 0	Transvaal Estates ...	4⅜
			5 15	Union Bk. of Aust.	4⅜

In the following table are given the latest official prices and the return to the investor, of some of the less active securities not included in our general statement above. The list, it will be seen, is composed chiefly of steady-going, prior charge issues, better known to investors than speculators:—

Price.	Yield.	Price.	Yield.	Price.
£ s. *Govt., Corpns., &c.*		£ s. *American Rails.*	£ s. *Miscellaneous.*	
26	10 17 4	Illinois 4 pc. Gtd.	101	4 6 Anglo-American	9⅝
26	10 15 5	Louisville 5 pc. G.	103	4 4 Allsop 4½ pc. Deb.	101
26	10 15 5	Mex. Nat. Inc. 6 pc.	103	4 14 Bovril 5 pc. Deb.	104½
26	10 15 5	N. Y. Cent. 5 pc.	103	4 4 Chilean Wrwks.	10½
26	10 15 5	N. Y. Erie L. G. 5 pc.	104	4 0 Cram's 4½ Deb.	101½
26	10 15 5	Penns. R.R. 4½ pc.	103	4 7 Lond. Pub. Hl. Deb.	104
26	10 15 5	*Indian Railways.*		3 11 Lond. London Wat.	119½
26	10 15 5	Gt. Indn. Peninsula	103	5 11 England Assur.	7⅛
26	10 15 5	Gt. Northn. Shrs.	102	5 11 Fin. & Cn. Inv. D.	9⅝
26	10 15 5	Do. 4 pc. Pref. Fr.	103	5 8 Gen. Reversion	10⅝
26	10 15 5	Do. 4 pc. Gtd. Cn.	104	5 8 Lambeth Water ...	24½
26	10 15 5	Lon. & Yrk. 4 pc.	104	4 19 Lon. Wall Deb.	104
26	10 15 5	Midland 4 pc. Deb.	103	5 3 Londn. & Prov. Mar.	9⅝
26	10 15 5	Lnd. & N.W. 4 Db.	104	4 8 Londn. Real Cap.	6
26	10 15 5	Do. 4 Cons. Pref.	103	4 9 Mtn. Pgn. Trans.	10
26	10 15 5	Lnd. & N.W. Db.	107	5 0 New River New	20½
26	10 15 5	Do. Cons. 4 Pref.	101	5 11 N. British & Merc.	21
26	10 15 5	Do. 4 Cons. Def.	102	5 11 Norwich Un. Fire	21
26	10 15 5	Lon. Chat. & D. 4 Db.	103	5 11 Nrwch. Un. Life	21½
26	10 15 5	Do. 4 Perp. Pref.	100	4 15 Sun Fire ...	8½
26	10 15 5	N. Eastern 4 Deb.	103	4 15 W. Middlesex Wr.	230⅞
26	10 15 5	Do. 4 Pref.	129		

LETTERS ON LIFE ASSURANCE.

TONTINE DEAD.—POLICY LOANS.—SURRENDER VALUE.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Legitimate Life Assurance," in his letter published in your issue of the 2nd inst., plays the only too well-known trick, "If no case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney," and shelters this behind an anonymous signature. The public interest aroused in this question cannot be burked by such methods, and the writer feels satisfied to leave the appreciation of his efforts to a far wider circle than the one your correspondent defends.

"Legitimate Life Assurance" displays complete ignorance of his subject, for in attributing the letter referred to as simply a defence of the tontine principle, he is evidently unaware that this class of policy has been extinguished by legislation in the United States for some years. This is the reason the system was discontinued in this country, and not, as he imagines, for want of endorsement by English assurers. I quite agree with him that every possible gambling element should be eliminated from an insurance partnership contract; but this very element in the now obsolete tontine system, while it was in force, certainly attracted insurance business to the American companies then working here. It is thus evident that the reason assigned for its withdrawal is the reverse of the true one.

Your correspondent says he is not aware the American companies lend on their policies. The writer has before him a contract on his own life in a leading American Company, where the actual amount they agree to loan at various periods is stated, and not left to chance or the good will of the company, as is usual in the system your correspondent defends, the proportion of guaranteed loan being about double of what he states is the practice here.

"Legitimate Life Assurance" gives his definition of "Life Assurance"—

Life assurance in its purity is a "scientific" means of equalizing the inequalities caused by the uncertainty of life, and every "scientific" improvement has aimed at developing this principle in such a way as to increase the amount assurable in the event of early death.

If the word "scientific" were placed in its proper position, it would read—

Life assurance in its purity is a means of equalizing the inequalities caused by the uncertainty of life, and every "scientific" improvement has aimed at developing this principle in such a way as to increase the amount assurable in the event of early death.

The above would be a correct enunciation and in accordance with facts.

A partnership in life assurance becomes dissolved for three reasons:—

1. The decease of the assured.
2. His inability to continue his contracts.
3. The maturity of the period he agrees to enter for. (In this class the only form that has a fixed period of settlement is on the endowment plan—of which more anon.)

It is evident that each class has the right to a fair and equitable distribution of the amounts jointly subscribed. The system your correspondent defends is to distribute the first class (or number 1) amongst the third class (or 3) with an undue share, by abstracting from the general fund so-called profits which their contributions have not earned. Surely this is applying tontine at the bottom instead of the top, and for this reason introduces the gambling element, early death being the means of winning the stake. I had this in my mind when writing my last letter, describing it as a "make-shift gamble," to which your correspondent takes such strong exception.

Assurers comprised in Class 2 have ever been in every system the weak and, therefore, unprotected; and, indeed, so far as the writer's experience goes, no system is in force here to provide them with adequate protection. The provision of which your correspondent makes so much, and which he erroneously imagines is only here in vogue, of advancing them a small proportion of their payments to enable them to continue their annual contributions, is simply prolonging the evil day, when in most cases this class will ultimately lose their investment. For, while they, like all who fail to carry out a contract, should be penalized, and the amounts of their contributed to the general fund to increase the value of survival, a far larger, and above all more graduated compensation, should be accorded them than is at present the common practice. I have before me a contract issued by an eminent American office, which states clearly the exact value in every year (should death not necessarily arise to cancel the contract) that the association will give both in cash and free paid-up insurance, and this on a gradually ascending scale. The terms of this contract appear to approach nearer to purity than anything that has yet been here brought out, allowing sufferers by circumstances reasonable compensation.

We have come to the third class, which is by far the largest. Have they taken up life assurance as a philanthropic duty or for their own protection? Has it been made clear to them that if they survive the allotted span a heavy tax will be laid on their contributions to provide an undue proportion for those who die early? I trow not. Neither have the gifts gentlemen who secured their business ever dared to plainly lay out before them such doubtful advantages.

A pure life assurance contract that will equitably distribute their contributions among the three classes has still to be invented. Free choice of the period of distribution to the utilization, within the capacity of controlling the then full reversionary value, must be the basis. Still, as the longer the period such is carried the greater will the benefit be, naturally the applicant, when this is made perfectly clear to him, will select the longest period for which he considers he can with safety enter. This, I think, bears out the contention of your correspondent that the close of the distribution period the more equitable will be the basis of settlement, and to ignorance alone can be attributed the confounding of this idea with the idea of a tontine policy, which I emphatically repeat exists no longer in America.

What is really wanted to make life insurance more popular and generally appreciated is a little less science and a great deal more practical knowledge and common sense. I take the liberty of quoting the following from an eminent American authority, which to my mind is more explicit on this point than anything I myself could put together:—

The underlying principles of sound life insurance—the kind that goes through to the end—are so simple and easy to comprehend as nothing else of a log. True, they have been surrounded with a good deal of mystery, and been shrouded in technicality, in algebra, in logarithms, and what not; all intended, perhaps, to warn the unsophisticated from meddling; at any rate, to invest the system with such dignity and importance as the unlettered mind always attaches to that which it does not and fears it cannot understand. Physicians write prescriptions for pure water in impure Latin. Clergymen who shoot over the heads of their flocks a sort of ecclesiastical projectile, which nobody comprehends sufficiently to describe, are sure to be highly esteemed for their learning. The field which one knows to be ugly is sure to be great if only inscrutable. "And so it goes.

GAUTIER DE STE. CROIX.

Forest Hill, October 5.

THE AMERICAN MARKETS.

SPECIAL QUOTATIONS BY CABLE.

It is encouraging to see that the improvement which we reported on Tuesday in the prices of those securities which best indicate the trend of the American markets is well maintained. This is shown in the following quotations cabled to our correspondent at New York—quotations of securities which, while actively dealt in on the American markets, are not quoted on this side. Comparison is made between the prices now ruling and those at the beginning of this week, and it will be seen that, in nearly every instance, the upward movement which we had to report then has been fully maintained. In some cases there is further improvement. Only National Lead and National Cordage show any marked weakness.

Dividends. When paid.	Last rate.	Latest	Prices. Monday.	Rise on week.	Dividends. When paid.	Last rate.	Latest	Prices. Monday.	Rise on week.
Ll-yy	5	Amn. Cotton Oil Pf.	69	—	Qrly.	1½	Nat. Cord. 2nd Ass. Pd	22	25	–5
Qrly.	1½	Amn. Sugar Ref. Co.	89	—	Qrly.	2	Do. Pref. Do.	71	73	—
Qrly.	1½	American Tobacco	88	—	Qrly.	1½	Nat. Lead Pref.	99	98	–3
—	—	Atchison Shares	18	–1	—	—	N.Y. Chic. & St. Louis	12	14	–1
—	—	Chesa. & O. Voting Ctfs.	16	—	Au. 9	1½	N.Y. Lake Erie & W.	17	17	—
—	—	Colorado Fuel Co.	16	—	Ja. 31	2½	N.Y. Ontario & W. Pref.	17	17	—
—	—	Chic. St. P., Minn. & Oe.	74	—	—	—	North American ...	5	5	—
—	—	Chic. Gas Trust Co.	19	—	—	—	N. York & North. Pf.	12	11	+1
—	—	Colorado Fuel & Fdg.	17	—	—	—	Peoria, D. & C. ...	8	8	—
Qrly.	1¼	Colorado Fuel, 4cs. ...	103	—	Qrly.	1¼	Pullman Palace ...	165	166	—
Qrly.	1½	Consolidated Gas ...	128	—	—	—	St. Paul Pref. ...	13	13	—
Qrly.	1½	Dis. & Cattle Fdg.	17	—	—	—	Union Pac. & Gulf	6	6	—
—	—	Distillers' Sec. Cor.	9	—	—	—	Do. Rail Bds.	26	26	—
Qrly.	2	Gen. Electric ...	62	+1	—	—	Wheelg. and L. E. ...	15	15	—
—	—	Illinois Central ...	92	—	Qrly	1	Do. Pref. ...	42	42	—
—	—	Laclede Gas ...	15	—						

Circumstantial rumours have been going about, the New York correspondent of the *Financial Times* reports, to the effect that a compromise on the Silver question had been practically adopted. The terms of this are said to provide for the purchase and coinage monthly of two and a half million dollars for the next three years. These reports are, so far, unconfirmed; but, referring to them, Senator Hill, of New York, declares that there is no chance whatever for unconditional repeal.

SPORTING NOTES AND NEWS.

INTERNATIONAL BILLIARDS.

ROBERTS AGAIN DRAWS TO THE FRONT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

(PER THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.)

NEW YORK, Thursday Night.—The international billiard match between Frank S. Ives and John Roberts gains in popular favour as it nears a close. The young American's superb exhibition of rail play on Wednesday night had its effect on the attendance this afternoon. Lovers of billiards came to see more of his masterly nurse play, but they were disappointed.

Ives was badly out of form. He is suffering from a cold. His single cushion caroms were the feature of his play. He had a lead of 115 points when the game began, but Roberts swept this away by splendid hazard play. Keeping up his faultless standard at this style the English champion made one triple-figure break during the game, while Ives's best effort yielded but 46. Roberts led by 362 points when the afternoon game closed. The following was the score :—

Roberts : 0, 4, 0, 0, 22, 49, 0, 5, 0, 83, 0, 4, 87, 47, 5, 1, 0, 1, 95, 0, 1, 18, 37, 19, 7, 6, 43, 0, 66, 10, 110, 3, 13, 1, 39, 12, 0, 12, 24, 23, 66; total, 913. Grand total (+ 4,487) 5,400.

Ives : 0, 5, 10, 23, 0, 7, 27, 0, 0, 18, 46, 12, 26, 11, 22, 1, 14, 0, 0, 33, 2, 1, 0, 2, 0, 2, 10, 34, 3, 52, 31, 2, 0, 10, 6, 5, 0, 5, 7, 9, 0; total, 436. Grand total (+ 4,602) 5,038.

Ives was dispirited when the game was resumed this evening at 8 o'clock. He played in a desultory, haphazard fashion. Not so with Roberts, who rolled up 143 in a beautiful break, and a few moments later added 67 more to his score. Ives became anxious then, and taking off his coat executed a brilliant masse that brought forth tumultuous applause. Continuing, he rolled up 47 by a series of draw and cushion carons.

Ives used all the magic in his power to control the balls, and seemed on a fair way to repeat one of his famous three-figure breaks, when to his own chagrin and the surprise of the crowd he slipped up on an easy one. The effort yielded only 94.

Roberts gave the Englishmen present a stimulant by a series of "sky-rocket" hazards that yielded 117 points, and the score stood, Roberts 421 to 274 for his youthful opponent. After this the Englishman seemed to lose form and failed on hazards that he had made with unerring accuracy heretofore. Ives seemed encouraged by Roberts's ill-luck, and getting the balls on the rail passed three pockets successfully, and before he stopped he had added 202 points to his score. The figures for the evening then stood : Ives, 643 ; Roberts, 631.

Roberts shot ahead again with a break of 105, and then began to play hazards that evoked generous plaudits. Directly afterwards he secured the rail, and began a very pretty run at nurse caroms. He made a break of 56, and did it in a way that showed that he could acquire this difficult art. Ives was unable to regain any of his lost ground, and when the game closed was 615 points behind.

A young American, as the last shot was made, presented a very handsome basket of roses to Miss Roberts, who occupied a box with her mother.

The full scores now stand :—

Roberts : 70, 0, 0, 3, 2, 0, 0, 2, 0, 2, 143, 67, 2, 3, 0, 11, 117, 1, 26, 20, 0, 32, 18, 2, 0, 4, 19, 19, 1, 2, 28, 6, 2, 44, 2, 5, 105, 11, 39, 17, 31, 56, 0, 13, 0, 1, 61, 6, 10 ; total, 1,001. Grand total (+5,600), 6,601.

Ives : 64, 1, 16, 12, 0, 0, 0, 11, 19, 47, 0, 0, 94, 9, 1, 2, 22, 7, 8, 1, 0, 12, 0, 27, 12, 0, 14, 36, 1, 5, 0, 8, 6, 252, 0, 20, 27, 15, 0, 4, 3, 12, 2, 12, 1, 9 ; total 788. Grand total (+5,038) 5,726.

NOTES FROM CLUB AND COURSE.

A meeting of the Jockey Club is to be held at Newmarket on Wednesday next. It will be followed by a meeting of the Rules Committee. These gatherings are evidently preparatory to an official conclave announced for the Wednesday in the Houghton Week, when there are several notices of motion on the agenda. One has for its object the alteration of Rule 65 as follows:—"A name can only be claimed for a horse by application at the Registry Office, with the description under Rule 80, when, if there is no other horse of the same name living, the name will be published in the first Racing Calendar after the day the name is claimed." There is no doubt this proposal has been suggested by the Maid of the Mill case.

An addition to Rule 169 stands in the name of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. It provides that "an objection on the ground of misstatement, omission, or error in the entry of a horse, or on the plea that he is not qualified under the conditions of the race, or that he is entered in contravention of the rules of partnership, must (except in the case of alleged fraud) be made not less than half an hour before the time fixed for the race." This has long been wanted. It will put a stop to the practices of the division often described as "very smart," which is the euphonious way of speaking of people who are not particularly scrupulous when money is in question.

Another proposal is that apprentices bound for not less than three years shall be permitted to claim 5 lb. allowance in all selling races, and they will be entitled to this allowance for one year after winning their first race in any country. It is also intended to add to the list authorities of the United Kingdom, "The Channel Islands Racing and Hunt Club."

T. Loates, the jockey, had recovered from his indisposition yesterday sufficiently to ride at Hurst Park. He rode in four races, and, including a dead heat, had four winning mounts. To-day the leading jockey completes his twenty-sixth year, having been born at Derby on October 6, 1867.

Odds of 10 to 1 could be obtained against the first four in the Hurst Park Club Cup. Victor Wild gave further proof of his smartness by a somewhat easy win. Mr. Worton's colt has now won half a dozen races out of the nine in which he has taken part this year.

The following match has been made to be decided at Chester next year: Mr. J. G. Joicey's ch c Pigeon Pie, 9 st, agst Mr. R. K. R. Mainwaring's ch c Rimmel, 8 st 7 lb, both then two-year-olds, five furlongs, 50, 25 lt.

The following horses were left in the Prix du Conseil Municipal—to be run at the Paris meeting on Sunday—after the declaration of forfeit on Tuesday last: Fra Angelico, Fous Yama, Regal, Boudoir, Fripon, Saint Ferjeux, Hors d'Œuvre, Hoche, Arkansas, Peaudoux, Boyssiere, Largentage, Campeador, Preux de Buccaneer. Callistrate has been despatched from Letcombe Regis to compete. The colt is in good trim for his engagement. Buccaneer, as we reported yesterday, has also gone.

The whole of Mr. Guy Bethell's breeding stud will be put up for sale by auction at Tattersall's on Monday next. The catalogue includes among the yearlings, a chestnut colt by Hackthatch out of Fright; a chestnut colt by Harvester out of Darkness; a bay colt by Peter out of Silverwing; and a bay colt by Merry Hampton out of Grasshopper, which ought to attract competition, as their blood is accompanied by good looks and excellent promise. Among the mares and foals is Lady Abbess (the dam of Bel Demonio and The Duke) a brown filly foal by Kendal, and Mary Seaton and Deserted, both by Isonomy, both born in 1890. Deserted has been put to Bendigo and Mary Seaton to Thurio. The latter is out of Marie Stuart, winner of the Oaks and St. Leger, and Deserted is out of Alone, by Hermit, so both should be valuable to breeders.

No less than three London swimming championships were decided at the Unity S.C. gala at the Excelsior Baths, Bethnal Green, last night. The principal was the 150 Yards Amateur Championship, which resulted in something like a surprise. W. Dale, of South East London, who swam so well in the 100 yards National Championship at Manchester was looked upon as almost a certainty, but in the final he was beaten by E. C. Smith, the champion of the Working Men's Federation, J. Regan (holder), of the Neptune, being second.

It is years since so many foxes were noticed in the Pytchley country as is the case this year. On Monday, in Sywell Wood, eleven were turned up, and as they are "clean and well," to use one of the officials' expressions, prospects are very rosy. There is no hunt with less wire than this, but the same happy state of things does not prevail in the Grafton, if what a correspondent writes is correct. He says the farmers on the Towcester side of the kennel do not show any enthusiasm in the hunt, and that wire will be found on more than one farm hitherto free. Some resent the dismissal of T. Smith, while others are piqued at not being invited as usual to the late puppy show and subsequent luncheon.

Probably these little matters will be satisfactorily settled, which one thing is certain that a lot of barbed wire has been put up, and as times are such that many farmers cannot hunt themselves it is very necessary that those who are able to enjoy the sport should exercise the greatest care whilst out. Last season a good old fox-preserving farmer, while schooling a young horse, was told by one of those individuals who think a £10 or £15 subscription entitles them to ride where and how they like "to go home and feed the pigs." The farmer relating the incident later on said he felt inclined to horsewhip him, but instead told him that he was hunting under his hand, and if he caught him there again he would give him a taste of his crop.

The horse show annually held in connection with the Pytchley Hunt is developing into a show of importance. At the one held in Althorp Park, Lord Spencer's Northamptonshire seat, yesterday, there were upwards of 160 entries, and the prize money amounted to close upon £200, in great part given by gentlemen hunting with the hounds. The quality of the exhibits, too, was good, and the winners were taken at Islington, the Royal, and several other shows. The efforts being made by the Hunt to improve the breed of horses has already had good effect, in addition to cementing the good relations existing between occupiers and the Hunt Committee. In the heavy weight class Mr. B. F. Drage's Chatterbox, a winner at the Royal, in addition to other successes, was placed first. Mr. P. A. Muntz's Whalebone, by Arbitrator, a rare weight-carrier, being second, and Lord Willoughby's Birdshot third. The last named was considered hardly up to weight. In the under fourteen stone class Mr. Wroughton's breedy Crabapple was first, Mr. Martin's old prize winner Roscian, second, Mr. Drage's Daughter third, and Mr. Muntz's fourth. The judges could not agree over the placing of the second, and a third party was called in. Roscian never showed so well, while Miss Peel, generally a very nice mover, went anything but up to form.

J. M'Auliffe, the American, who describes himself as the Light Weight Champion of the World—although he carefully keeps out of the way o Richard Burge—has accepted a challenge from "Mysterious" Wm. Smith, to fight at 133 lb. M'Auliffe's reply to Smith's challenge reads like conferring a favour on Smith.

At the autumn meeting of the Guildford Golf Club held on Merrow Downs yesterday, Mr. Carr won the Duncan Medal, a scratch competition with 83, and Mr. C. H. Sapte the Bannantyne Challenge Cup, with 95 less 12—83.

The sport at St. Andrews continues to be of a first-class character. A foursome which excited considerable interest was played over the green yesterday between Mr. F. A. Fairlie and Mr. P. C. Anderson, the amateur champion, against Mr. A. F. Macfie and Mr. James Cunningham, the latter couple getting four strokes on the round. Messrs. Macfie and Cunningham played a grand game, and won by seven and six to play. Their score out was 38, and homeward 38 or 39 ; total, 76 or 77. The latter figure is the record score of the green for foursome play. At the fourth hole coming home Messrs. Fairlie and Anderson had a kind of half stimy, and playing for the hole Mr. Cunningham missed the put, but afterwards replaced the ball, and playing for the score he holed it, which made their record for the round 76 strokes, or one lower than foursome record play, their figures giving a four for the hole referred to were: Out, 5 5 3 4 6 5 3 5 4—38; in, 3 3 4 5 6 4 5 4—38. Total, 76.

We occasionally read of disgraceful scenes at football matches in England, but we are a long way behind Tasmania in that respect. The *Tasmanian Mail* goes in for the following head-lines in describing a recent match at Hobart Town :—

FREE FIGHT.
CITY BEATEN.
FINE WEATHER.
BLACK EYES PLENTIFUL.
Rowdyism Rampant.
"TEXAS NED" WAS USEFUL.
UMPIRE JOHNSON RESIGNS.
CAPTAIN RYAN EXCITED.
Example to be made of Offenders.
WEBB, THE CHAMPION FOOTBALLER.
Plain Wickenden with a Black Eye.

In an editorial article the paper laments that with a few honourable exceptions football in Tasmania seems to be leit to a lot of rowdies, "who live for the most part on or by the game." At the match under notice the players and their friends were not content with fighting on the ground, in front of the pavilion, but renewed this "most disgraceful exhibition" (with fists and sticks) in the dressing-room and in the streets when the match was over.

TO-MORROW'S FOOTBALL.

To-morrows matches will be of an interesting character, although as far as the South is concerned there will be nothing very exciting in the Rugby programme. Blackheath are playing Middlesex Wanderers at the Rectory Field. There will, however, be a couple of good Association games in the metropolis. The Casuals were meeting Woolwich Arsenal at Plumstead, and Millwall Athletic receive a visit from Aston Villa at Lea Bridge. As far as League football is concerned, one of the most interesting games will be that at Nottingham, between Aston Villa and Notts Forest. It will form the last item of Forest Goose Fair programme. Yesterday they beat Bolton Wanderers by one goal to nowone, and by that victory jumped from ninth to fourth place in the League table. The following is a list of the principal games :—

ASSOCIATION.—League—Division I. : Blackburn Rovers v. Preston North End; Bolton Wanderers v. Darwen; Burnley v. Everton; Derby County v. Newton Heath; Notts Forest v. Aston Villa; Sheffield United v. Sunderland; Stoke v. Sheffield Wednesday; West Bromwich Albion v. Wolverhampton Wanderers. Division II: Ardwick v. Barslem Port Vale; Crewe Alexandra v. Burton Swifts; Lincoln City v. Newcastle United; Liverpool v. Middlesbrough Ironopolis; Northwich Victoria v. Walsall; Small Heath v. Grimsby Town. Southern Matches.—Woolwich Arsenal v. Notts Co., Millwall Athletic v. Accrington, Crusaders v. Old Westminsters, Chatham v. Notts County, Cronch End v. Wolverton, London Caledonians v. Clapton, Ilford v. Casuals, Gravesend v. London Welsh, Maidstone v. Royal Scots Fusiliers, Reading v. 2nd Scots Guards, Westminster School v. Casuals, Marlow v. Swindon Town.

RUGBY.—Southern Matches.—Blackheath v. Middlesex Wanderers, R. I. E. C. v. Richmond, Clapham Rovers v. London Scottish, Harlequins v. Kensington Old Leysians v. St. Thomas's Hospital, Civil Service v. St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Harrow v. Park Royal, Cambridge v. King's College Hospital, Rosslyn Park v. Blackheath (A) University College v. Manchester, Kingston House, Richmond (A) v. London Scottish (A), Norwood v. Streatham, Christ's Hospital v. Old Blues. Other games :—Lancashire Club Competition: Blackburn Rangers v. Waterloo, Wigan v. Manchester, Broughton Rangers, Rochdale Hornets v. Salford, Tyldesley v. Oldham, Yorkshire senior competition: Liversedge v. Hunslet, Halifax v. Brighouse, Huddersfield v. Manningham, Bradford v. Wakefield, Batley v. Dewsbury. Other Northern matches :—At Penarth—Penarth v. Cardiff, Swansea v. Swansea v. Llanelly. At Bristol.—Pristol v. Bridgwater. At Newport.—Newport v. Wellington. At Leicester.—Leicester v. Gloucester. At Aberavon.—Aberavon v. Pontypridd. At Burton.—Burton v. Edgbaston Crusaders. At Moseley.—Moseley v. Marlborough Nomads. At Coventry.—Coventry v. Old Rutlandians Taylors. At Nottingham.—Nottingham v. Doncaster Town. At Birmingham.—Old Edwardians v. Rugby. At Devonport.—Devonport Albion v. Cardiff Harlequins. At Stratford-on-Avon—Stratford-on-Avon v. Nuneaton. At Rugby—Rugby v. Old Edwardians (Second Teams. At Stratford-upon-Avon.—Stratford-on-Avon (Second Team) v. Southam. Compton v. Birkenhead Wanderers, Eden Wanderers v. Manchester, Glasgow Academicals v. Stewart's College, Hartlepool Rovers v. Kendal Hornets, Kendal v. Penrith, Leeds v. Heckmondwike, Liverpool v. Birkenhead Park, Manchester Rangers v. Dukinfield, West of Scotland v. Clydesdale, Waterloo v. Liverpool Old Boys.

Although attempts are being made to prevent the boxing match between Charles Mitchell and James Corbett taking place at the Coney Island Club, New York, there seems little probability of it proving successful. Political issues can enter into the question, and several city officials in Brooklyn are of opinion that it will be made a political matter. John F. McKane, the moving spirit of the Coney Island Club, is said to carry 2,000 votes in his pocket, and it there is any effort made by the present authorities to stop the fight, he is "expected to turn Republican." The sheriff of the county also objects to the contest being interfered with. He states that the fight will not be a violation of the laws of the State, and unless ordered he does not propose to interfere. As a matter of fact, the sheriff is anxious to witness the fight himself. He thinks it will be one of the "cleanest battles in the history of pugilism," and there will be nothing brutal about it.

Tom Connors, of Ashton-under-Lyne, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, sails for America to-morrow to undertake a series of wrestling matches, arranged by his brother, who is resident over there. In his last American tour Connors threw Evan Lewis at Pittsburg, after that athlete's contest for the American championship with Acton. This was in 1887. The chief men whom he has arranged to meet in the coming tour are Riley, Ed. Atherton, Mike Grimshaw (the Michigan giant) at Pittsburgh, McEnerney and Whitman at Cincinnatti, Max Muller at St. Lewis, Farmer Burns at some place to be fixed in Iowa, and also at Chicago; Dennis Slaughter at Detroit, R. Atherton at Denver, Daniel McLeod at San Francisco, and his old opponent Evan Lewis at Chicago. Since he returned to England two years ago, Connors has wrestled twenty-four matches, and only lost one—against T. Clayton, of Farnworth.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, temporarily absent from town, can have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, posted to any address in the UNITED KINGDOM for 1s. 3d. per week, or the first part of the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to any address upon the CONTINENT.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

It is a moot point as to the date when the Second October race meeting at Newmarket was first instituted. According to the present order this racing fixture is invariably held in the second week of October. For many years past it has been the penultimate reunion, lying between the First October and the Houghton meetings at the headquarters of the Turf. Nevertheless it was disposed to try back to the previous handicap era, it will transpire that the now familiar First and Second October and the Houghton meetings at Newmarket were not so defined in those days ; and it will, moreover, be discovered that the whole period of racing in the autumn at Newmarket was usually designated as the "October" meeting.

The appellations by which the three "back-end" meetings are now respectively identified are a comparatively modern innovation ; those of analogous terms may have been understood among the initiated when "race week" and "rest a week" was the order of the day—an arrangement which would concurrently absorb a period of five or six weeks, and comprehended the time allotted to the autumn races, and pass times at Newmarket in those days as in these.

Therefore, if we take the meeting occurring between the first and the third of the autumn series at Newmarket, it is most probable it was specifically known as the "Second October Meeting" long before it had been "officially" designated as such. And there is important inferential evidence tending to establish this assumption.

It will be found, on consulting Mr. J. P. Hore's "History of Newmarket," Vol. II., pp. 246-9, that when King Charles II. instituted the "Town Plate," in 1665, his Majesty ordered that it was to be run for "on the new round" course at Newmarket "on the second Thursday in October for ever." It is to be inferred that in course of time this then important plate—which probably attracted as much attention in those days as the Cesarewitch does in ours—was frequently referred to, and colloquially a corruption intervened whereby the "Thursday" gradually dropped out, and the "Second October" alone remained to identify the particular meeting at which this race was run. Having eliminated the day and abridged the sentence, the meeting was probably known among Turfites as the Second October Meeting long before the expression received official cognizance.

The "Town Plate" has ever since been run for on the second Thursday of the Second October Meeting, but so little is the race esteemed that it now finds no place, and appears undeserving of insertion on the "entry card." Alas ! we must agree with the proverb and say : "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis." Nevertheless this was an ideal race at Newmarket in the reign of Charles II.—one in which no "serving-man or groom" was allowed to ride, the distance three miles, the heats, and finally a four-mile course, each rider carrying "twelve stone weight, besides bridle and saddle."

The owner of the winning horse was bound to "give to the clerk of the course twenty shillings, to be distributed to the poor of both sides of Newmarket, also twenty shillings to the clerk of the race," in consideration of which the latter official was obliged "to keep the course plain and free from cart ruts."

As we learn from the contemporary records cited in the book already mentioned, it was in such races as the "Town Plate" that the King and the noblemen and gentlemen who patronized the Turf in the seventeenth century rode their own horses to victory in those halcyon days of Newmarket Heath.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS IN AMERICA.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

LIVINGSTON, New York, Oct. 5.—The match between the Australian cricketers and an Eighteen of New York was resumed to-day in splendid weather. The sky was almost cloudless, and the change from the dull and threatening weather of yesterday was accompanied by an improvement in the attendance, although the first of the races for the America Cup formed a powerful counter-attraction without which the number of spectators would, no doubt, have been much larger. As it was, however, about two thousand persons passed the turnstiles. The Australians, whose overnight score was 33 for two wickets, continued their first innings, yesterday's not outs being G. Giffen and Trott. The latter was dismissed without adding to his score, but Giffen gave considerable trouble, and was not disposed of until he had compiled 64, the highest individual score. The Australian innings closed for 216, and, as the visitors were unable to get rid of their opponents before the end of the day, the match finally ended in a draw. The full score is as follows :—

NEW YORK.—First Innings.

Mr. Stratford	25	Mr. Prendergast	1
Mr. Hurdlitch	15	Mr. Coyne	1
Mr. Styles	9	Mr. O'Reilly	4
Mr. Brown	7	Mr. Rose	1
Mr. McNutt	7	Mr. Towsend, not out	1
Mr. Durrant	5	Mr. Mattock	0
Mr. Cobb	4	Mr. Barton	4
Mr. Rokeby	4	Extras	14
Mr. Wright	4		
Mr. Tyers	3	Total	101
Mr. Paterson	3		

NEW YORK.—Second Innings.

Mr. Stratford	7	Mr. Prendergast	5
Mr. Hurdlitch	1	Mr. Coyne	5
Mr. Styles	0	Mr. Rose	1
Mr. Brown	13	Mr. Towsend	7
Mr. Cobb, not out	35	Mr. Mattock	0
Mr. Rokeby	4	Extras	6
Mr. Durrant	9		
Mr. Tyers	4	Total (12 wickets)	99

AUSTRALIANS.—First Innings.

Mr. A. C. Bannerman	2	Mr. W. Giffen	15
Mr. J. J. Lyons	8	Mr. R. McLeod	0
Mr. G. Giffen	64	Mr. A. Coningham	0
Mr. Trott	0	Mr. A. H. Jarvis	1
Mr. W. Bruce	8	Mr. J. H. Blackham	5
Mr. H. Graham	9	Extras	9
Mr. S. Gregory	27		
Mr. H. Trumble, not out	59	Total	216

BOWLING ANALYSIS.—New York (First Innings) : Trumble, 10 wickets for 41 runs; McLeod, 3 for 44, Bruce, 1 for 2. New York (Second Innings) : G. Giffen, 7 for 47; McLeod, 3 for 20 ; Trott, 2 for 23.

THIS DAY'S COURSING.

RIDGWAY CLUB (LYTHAM) MEETING.

NORTH LANCASHIRE STAKES.
Roundhead, Royal Union, and Glen Lochart divided.

SOUTH LANCASHIRE STAKES.
Princess Aberin & Sumatra, Rookwood and Furnesting divided.

TENANT FARMERS' CUP.
Astronomy beat Willy Connor.
Aida a bye

DECIDING COURSE.
Astronomy beat Aida.

CLIFTON CUP.
War Lad beat Sir Sankey
Caprine beat Four in Hand
DECIDING COURSE.
War Lad beat Caprine.

PEEL STAKES.
Jolly Monk drawn.
DECIDING COURSE.
From Hoats beat Boa Vivant.

ADDITIONAL ARRIVALS AT KEMPTON.
His Honour, Maffo, Egyptian, Black Leg, Filepa, Diplomatic, Torquil, Irish Car, Guinsume, Washington, Cereza, Chevalier Lacy, The Stone, Lady Bertram, Lady Hewick, Sancho Panza, Hettie Sorrel, Petros, Docker, Coldwell, Esmond, October, Sirtovscake.

The final tie for the Northern Counties Water Polo Championship was played at Warrington last night between two Manchester clubs, Osborne and Leaf-street. As might be expected on form Osborne won easily, the score at the finish being nine goals to one in their favour.

The Rev. F. T. Wethered writes to the *Times* from Henley Vicarage Marlow, to describe a large trout which is still in the Thames. He says:—"One of my sons, an officer in the army, while spinning for pike from a skiff in the broad reach above Newlock Weir last Monday afternoon got a hold of a large trout. He was fishing with a small spoon-bait about an inch in length. After some smart play my son managed to bring it alongside the boat, and his sister, who alone was with him at the time, made an unsuccessful effort with the landing net. The fish once more ran the line out, but was again brought into close quarters. On another attempt to get the beauty into the net the triangle at the base of the spoon became entangled in the meshes, and, after a regular tug of war (as they described it to me at the time), the fish broke the tackle and escaped. My children had ample opportunities for gauging its size, and they are confident that the length was fully 36 in., and that it was proportionately broad. A storm of rain was raging at the time. As an angler myself, I think you will like to have, this perfectly accurate account."

PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A WORKGIRL

By GEORGE MOORE.

CHAPTER IV.

Avondale-road was an obscure corner of the suburb—obscure for it had just sprung into existence. The scaffolding that had built it now littered an adjoining field, where in a few months it would rise about Horsely Gardens whose red gables and tiled upper walls will correspond unfailingly with those of Avondale Road. Nowhere in this neighbourhood could Esther detect signs of eighteen pounds a year. Scanning the venetian blinds of the single drawing room window she said to herself, "Hot joint to-day, cold the next." She noted the trim iron railings and the spare shrubs, and raising her eyes she saw the tiny gable windows of the cupboard-like rooms where the single servant kept in these houses slept.

A few steps more brought her to 41, the corner house. The thin passage and the meagre staircase confirmed Esther in the impression she had received from the aspect of the street; and she felt that the place was more suitable to the gaunt woman with iron-grey hair who waited in the passage. This woman looked apprehensively at Esther. She asked if Esther had come after the place, and when Esther said she had, a painful change of expression passed over her face, and she said:—

"You'll get it; I'm too old for anything but charing. How much are you going to ask?"

"I can't take less than sixteen."

"Sixteen. I used to get that once; I'd be glad enough to get twelve now. You can't think of sixteen once you've turned forty, and I've lost my teeth, and they means a couple of pound off."

Then the door opened, and a woman's voice called to the gaunt woman to come in. She went in, and Esther breathed a prayer that she might not be engaged. Hardly a minute intervened. The gaunt woman came out; there were tears in her eyes, and she whispered to Esther as she passed, "No good; I told you so. I'm too old for anything but charing." The abruptness of the interview suggested a hard mistress, and Esther was surprised and pleased to find herself in the presence of a slim lady, about seven-and-thirty, whose small grey eyes seemed to express a kind and gentle nature. The room was a lady's study. A tall glass filled with chrysanthemums stood on a large writing-table covered with books and papers. There was a bookcase, and the walls were covered with a grey artistic paper, on which hung a few engravings. In place of the usual folding-doors, a bead curtain hung between the rooms.

The room almost said that the occupant was a spinster and a novelist. Miss Rice's manuscript, written out in a beautiful clear round hand, lay on the table, ready to be continued the moment she should have settled with a servant.

"I saw your advertisement in the paper, Miss; I've come after the situation."

"You are used to service?"

"Yes, Miss, I've had several situations in gentlemen's families, and have excellent characters from them all." Then Esther related the story of her situations. Miss Rice put up her glasses and her grey eyes smiled, and she seemed pleased with the somewhat rugged but pleasant-featured girl before her.

"I live alone," she said: "the place is an easy one, and if the wages satisfy you I think you will suit me very well. My servant, who has been with me some years, is leaving me to be married."

"What are the wages, Miss?"

"Fourteen pounds a year."

"I'm afraid, Miss, there would be no use my taking the place; I've so many calls on my money that I could not manage on fourteen pounds. I'm very sorry, for I feel sure I should like to live with you, Miss."

There was something in Miss Rice that reminded Esther of Mrs. Barfield. But what was the good of taking it? She could not possibly manage on fourteen, even if Miss Rice did give her a dress occasionally as that didn't look likely. All her strength seemed to give way under her misfortune, and it was with difficulty that she restrained her tears.

"I think we should suit each other," Miss Rice said reflectively. "I should like to have you for my servant if I could afford it. How much would you take?"

"Situated as I am, Miss, I could not take less than sixteen. I've been used to eighteen."

"Sixteen pounds is more than I can afford, but I'll think it over. Give me your name and address."

"Esther Waters, 13, Popular-road, Peckham."

"Esther Waters! Do you know a Mr. Bryant? Were you his servant in Norman's Inn?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Mr. Bryant is a friend of mine. I heard of you from him. He liked you very much, and was sorry to lose you."

"I was sorry to leave him, he was a very nice gentleman; he was very kind to me. I shall never forget him. Since you know Mr. Bryant, I suppose you know all about me, Miss?"

"No, I know nothing of you except that Mr. Bryant thought very highly of you. He could not understand why you left his service. We were talking about servants one day, and your name happened to be mentioned."

"It was just like him to say nothing, but I don't mind telling you, Miss. The truth is I've a baby, and that is why I can't take less than sixteen; it is very hard to manage even on that. It only leaves me £4 a year to dress myself on."

"You mean that you are not married?"

"That's it, Miss: I was deserted. You don't think worse of me, Miss? Mr. and Mrs. Bryant knowed my story; it was they that saved me the night when I took my Jack away from Mrs. Spires, who wanted me to give her £5 to kill him. I had no place to go to that night, and no money—nothing—and I don't know what would have become of me if it hadn't been for Mr. Bryant. It was 'e who got me into Queen Charlotte's, Miss. But these is not stories for such as you."

"I think I'm old enough to listen to your story, Esther; sit down and tell it to me."

Then Esther told her story, and all the while Miss Rice's sweet grey eyes were filled with tenderness and pity, and when Esther left Avondale-road it seemed to her that she had been talking to an angel.

Esther had not been many days at Avondale-road before Mr. Bryant called to see her mistress. When she opened the door to him he asked if Miss Rice were at home. She answered, "Yes, Mr. Bryant, she is." He looked at her a little puzzled and she said, "Don't you know me, Mr. Bryant?"

"Why, it is Esther! How did you come here? But Miss Rice will tell me all about it. Is she in her room?"

"Yes, sir." Esther opened the door and Miss Rice rose from her writing table, her grey eyes sparkling with happiness; she extended her hand in an awkward movement, but one which was full of welcome. He sat down beside her, on a low chair. Esther saw him draw off his gloves, as though him very little changed. She lingered in the passage wondering; as she went down to the kitchen she remembered that she had been very unhappy when she attended on him in Norman's Inn, and so ended the love story of her life.

After so much heart-breaking anxiety and trouble, the rest and security she found in this little suburban house was very sweet. She woke in the morning knowing her child was safe. Only one person to please, and that person so easily pleased, always satisfied and always so considerate. From the first Miss Rice was interested in her servant and encouraged her confidences. But it was some time before either was able to put aside her natural reserve. They were not unlike—quiet, instinctive Englishwomen, strong warm natures, under an appearance formal and reserved.

So some months passed before they really knew each other. Gradually Esther was tempted to linger in her mistress's study, and she learned to take pleasure listening to her delicate and truthful voice. They talked of all things; but when the conversation passed from statements of fact Esther lost interest, and, moving towards the door, replied with some proverbial irrelevancy. The amused expression that then came over her mistress's face told her that she had said something silly. She was provoked. A regular Joe Blunt she was, and hadn't read all them books.

Esther could not understand why so clever a woman allowed herself to be cheated by the tradespeople, and the instincts of the watchdog began to develop in her. She extended her supervision over all the household expenses, likewise over her mistress's health.

"Now, Miss, I must 'ave you take your soup while it is 'ot. You'd better put away your writing; you've been at it all the morning. You'll make yourself ill, and then I shall have the nursing of you." If Miss Rice were going out in the evening she would find herself stopped in the passage. "Now, Miss, I really can't see you go out like that; you'll catch your death of cold. You must put on your warm cloak."

Miss Rice spent the summer in the country, and for two whole months Esther had only a little cleaning to attend to. She was free to use the house as she pleased, and the neighbourhood thought it a pity that she didn't take more advantage of her liberty. The butcher and the baker frequently stopped to wonder why she had refused their offers to walk out with them. She didn't seem to want a young man, until one day she quite unexpectedly consented to go out with Fred Parsons, the stationer's foreman. The neighbourhood was surprised and interested, and Mrs. Humphries, an elderly person who looked after a bachelor's establishment two doors up, and generally slipped in about tea-time, soon began to speak of Fred as a very nice young man who would be likely to make a woman happy. Esther moved about the kitchen in her taciturn way, hardly answering. She was always a little unexpected, and one day she told Mrs. Humphries that she had been to Peckham with Fred, and that it was wonderful how he and Jackie had taken to one another. Mrs. Humphries said that it was only natural—that Jackie was such a fine boy. But she was of opinion that henceforth Esther should give herself out as Jackie's aunt. "None believes them stories, but they makes one seem more respectable like, and I'm sure Mr. Parsons will appreciate the attention." Esther did not answer, but she thought of what Mrs. Humphries had said. Perhaps it would be better if Jackie were to leave off calling her Mummie. Auntie! But no, she could not bear it. Fred must take her as she was or not at all. They seemed to understand each other; he was earning good money, 30s. a week. She was now going on for eight-and-twenty; if she was ever going to be married it was time to think about it. She did not know how Miss Rice would get on without her. But there was plenty of time to think of that—some time in the spring.

It was the end of her second summer in Avondale-road, and Miss Rice would soon be going away to the country. It was one of those long and pallid evenings at the end of July, when the sky seems as if it could not darken. The roadway was very still in its dust and heat, and Esther, her print dress trailing, watched a poor horse striving to pull a four-wheeler through the loose heavy gravel that had just been laid down. So absorbed was she in her pity for the poor animal that she did not see the gaunt, broad-shouldered man coming towards her, looking very long-legged in a pair of light grey trousers and a black jacket a little too short for him. He walked with long, even strides, a small cane in one hand, the other in his trousers pocket; a heavy gold chain showed across his waistcoat. He wore a round hat and a red necktie. The side whiskers and the shaven upper lip gave him the appearance of a gentleman's valet. He did not notice Esther, but a sudden step taken sideways as she lingered, her eyes fixed on the cab horse, brought her nearly into collision with him.

"Do look where you are going to," he exclaimed, jumping back to avoid the beer jug, which fell to the ground. "What, Esther, is it you?"

"There, you have made me drop the beer."

"Plenty more in the public; I'll get you another jug."

"It is very kind of you. I can get what I want myself."

They looked at each other, and at the end of a long silence William said: "Just fancy meeting you, and in this way! Well, I never. Well, I am glad to see you again."

"Are you, really! Well, so much for that—your way and mine aren't the same. I wish you good evening."

"Stop a moment, Esther."

"And my mistress waiting for her dinner. I've to go and get some more beer."

"Shall I wait for you?"

"Wait for me! I should think not, indeed."

Esther ran down the area steps. Her hand paused as it was about to lift the jug down from the dresser, and a number of thoughts fled across her mind. That man would be waiting for her outside. What was she to do? How unfortunate! If he continued to come after her he and Fred would be sure to meet.

"What are you waiting for, I should like to know?" she cried, as she came up the steps.

"That's 'ardly civil, Esther, and after so many years too; one would think ——"

"I want none of your thinking; get out of my sight. Do you 'ear? I want no truck with you whatever. Haven't you done me enough mischief already?"

"Be quiet; listen to me. I'll explain."

"I don't want none of your explanation. Go away."

Her whole nature was now in full revolt, and quick with passionate remembrance of the injustice that had been done her, she drew back from him, her eyes flashing. Perhaps it was some passing remembrance of the breakage of the first beer jug that prevented her from striking him with the second. The spasm passed, and then her rage, instead of venting itself in violent action, assumed the form of dogged silence. He followed her up the street, and into the bar. She handed the jug across the counter, and while the barman filled it, searched in her pocket for the money. She had brought none with her. William promptly produced sixpence. Esther answered him with a quick angry glance, and addressing the barman, she said, "I'll pay you to-morrow; that'll do, I suppose? 41, Avondale-road."

"That will be all right, but what am I to do with this sixpence?"

"I know nothing about that," Esther said, picking up her skirt; "I'll pay you for what I've had."

Holding the sixpence in his short, thick, and wet fingers, the barman looked at William. William smiled, and said, "Well, they do run sulky sometimes."

He caught the leather strap and pulled the door open for her, and as she passed out she became aware that William still admired her. She hated him for it. And in a vague way she was conscious of the injustice of fate. Having destroyed her life, this man had passed out of sight and knowledge, but only to reappear when a vista leading to a new life seemed open before her.

"It was that temper of yours that did it; you wouldn't speak to me for a fortnight. You haven't changed, I can see that," he said, watching Esther's face, which did not alter until he spoke of how unhappy he had been in his marriage. "A regular brute she was—we're no longer together, you know; haven't been for the last three years; could not put up with 'er. She was that—but that's a long story." Esther did not answer him. He looked at her anxiously, and seeing that she would not be won over easily, he spoke of his money.

"Look 'ere, Esther," he said, laying his hand on the area gate. "You won't refuse to come out with me some Sunday. I've a half a share in a public-house, the Welsh Harp, and have been backing winners all this year. I've plenty of money to treat you. I should like to make it up to you. Perhaps you've 'ad rather a 'ard time. What 'ave yer been doing all these years. I want to hear."

"What 'ave I been doing? Trying to bring up your child, that's what I've been doing."

"There's a child then, is there?" said William, taken aback. Before he could recover himself Esther had slipped past him down the area into the house. For a moment he looked as if he were going to follow her; on second thoughts he thought he had better not. He lingered a moment and then walked slowly away in the direction of the Metropolitan Railway.

(To be continued.)

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, temporarily absent from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

SIGNS AT FALMOUTH.

The *Hotel* gives the following, as transcribed from four original signs at Falmouth:—

TEMPURENCE HOTTEL.
ELLEN TONE, sells, here,
Lemanade and Gingur beer,
Cow hels and tripe every fridey
Sekond hand cloes, to make ec tidy
Crox and Kittles, pans and all
And Godley bukes to save yer sole.
Man-traps, guns, and pattins likewise
And on Saturday nights Hot Mutton Pies.

SUNDAY BAKING DONE HERE.
Here lives Jerry Snowed
That cleans the road
For publicans and sinners
But not for these chapel folks
But only those that brings their dinners.

GOD SAVE THE KING.
BEWARE
Of Man-traps and Spring-guns.
Take Notice.
All Persons found Trespassing
In this Orchard will be Shot.
By order of Patrick Cronan.

J. CALCRAFT,
Boot and Shoe Maker.
Executioner to Her Majesty.

BORWICK'S POWDER.
BORWICK'S POWDER.
BORWICK'S POWDER.
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Best Baking Powder in the World. Wholesome, Pure, and Free from Alum.

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From an original painting by Miss E. G. Cohen.
THE HEROES OF THE RHONDDA VALE *H. D. RAWNSLEY.*
Illustrated by Miss M. Bowley.
MARQUISE DE BEARN.
From an original picture by Kobarski, after an etching by J. Waltner.
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Illustrated by W. H. Margetson.
A VIEW ON THE TUMMEL, N.B.
From an Original Painting by J. MacWhirter, R.A. Engraved by K. Paterson.
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With Illustrations.
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THE BLACK ART.—PART III. .. .. .. *JAMES MEW.*
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WITHOUT PREJUDICE .. .. *I. ZANGWILL.*
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THE FLOWING TIDE.
From an original drawing by T. D. S. Benham.
VEXED QUESTIONS:—
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ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.
An Original Drawing by James Greig.
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MR. FRANCOIS NOHE, MR. MICHAEL TEALE, MR. K. E. HOWARTH, MR. J. SUSSEX HALL, Prize Winners.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the RATE of INTEREST allowed by this Bank, at its Head Office, Bishopsgate-street, at St. James's, St. Marylebone, Islington, Lincoln's-inn, South Kensington, Mayfair, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and Hampstead Branches, is this day REDUCED to ONE AND A HALF PER CENT. for money placed on deposit at seven days notice.
By the Court,
H. G. ROBINSON, } Joint General
F. CHURCHYARD, } Managers.
W. FIDGEON,
112, Bishopsgate-street, London, Oct. 5, 1893.

LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK (LIMITED).
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the INTEREST allowed to Depositors in this Bank is this day REDUCED to the following rates:—On sums of £5 and upwards, at seven days' notice, ONE AND A HALF PER CENT.; on sums of £250 and upwards at call, ONE PER CENT.; and on sums under £250 ONE PER CENT., until further notice.
The Bank reserves to itself at all times the right to decline deposits.
Oct. 5, 1893. W. ASTLE, Manager.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK (LIMITED).
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Oct. 5, 1893. G. A. TUCKER, Manager.

THE CITY BANK (LIMITED).
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the present RATE of INTEREST on Deposits with this Bank, subject to seven days' notice, is ONE AND A HALF PER CENT. per annum.
DAVID G. HILL, Princes-street, Manager.
Threadneedle-street, Oct. 5, 1893.

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W. HOWARD, } Joint General
J. GRAY, } Managers.
E. B. JAMES,
No. 21, Lombard-street, Oct. 5, 1893.

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E. H. HOLDEN } Managers.
52, Cornhill, E.C., Oct. 5, 1893.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN BANK (LIMITED). Head office, 168, 169, and 170, Fenchurch-street, E.C. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the RATE of INTEREST allowed at the Head Office and Metropolitan Branches of this Bank on deposits repayable at seven days' notice is this day REDUCED to ONE AND A HALF PER CENT. per annum.
ST. T. GOODENOUGH, General Manager.
Oct. 5, 1893.

LLOYDS BANK (LIMITED).
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the RATE of INTEREST allowed by this Bank upon Deposits at its London Offices is ONE AND A HALF PER CENT. for money at seven days' notice.
HOWARD LLOYD, General Manager.
City Office, 72, Lombard-street, Oct. 5, 1893.

THE ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LONDON OFFICE.
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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the RATE of INTEREST allowed on Deposits at this Office will be ONE AND A HALF PER CENT. per annum from this date until further notice.
Oct. 5, 1893. J. T. HORLEY, Manager.

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Incorporated by Royal Charter and Act of Parliament.
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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the RATE of INTEREST allowed on Deposits with the National Bank of Scotland (Limited) at the London Office will be ONE AND A HALF PER CENT. from this date until further notice.
JAMES ROBERTSON, Manager in London.
Oct. 5, 1893.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the RATE of INTEREST allowed at the London offices of this Bank on Deposits subject to seven days' notice of withdrawal is this day REDUCED to ONE AND A HALF PER CENT. per annum.
CHARLES A. PRESCOTT, Chairman.
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LUKE HANSARD, Manager.
No. 68, Lombard-street, E.C., Oct. 5, 1893.

BRITISH LINEN COMPANY BANK (London Office).—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the RATES OF INTEREST allowed on Deposit Accounts at this Office will be ONE AND A HALF PER CENT. until further notice.
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By order, HENRY HUTCHINS, Manager.
LEWIS BEAUMONT, Sub-Manager.
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Capital, authorised £2,000,000
Subscribed 900,000
Paid up 500,000
THE RATES of INTEREST allowed on deposits have been this day REDUCED to ONE PER CENT. at CALL, ONE AND A HALF PER CENT. at seven and fourteen days' notice.
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